

Sports Illustrated

MAY 17, 1971 60 CENTS

SUPER ATHLETE

UCLA TWIN THREAT
JAMES McALISTER





Surprising Cadillac. It turns out to be as practical as it is beautiful.

You know it well—this one side of Cadillac. For this is the Cadillac you see. The Cadillac that delights you with its form and grace, year after year. The Cadillac of unquestioned styling leadership. The Cadillac that says elegance, prestige and luxury. The Cadillac of lasting beauty.

This is the Cadillac most people bring to mind when you mention the world's finest automobile.

But there is another side of Cadillac that may not be as well known—yet it is every bit as impressive. For this is the Cadillac that puts the emphasis on beautiful engineering. The Cadillac of reliability and convenience. Driving peace of mind. The Cadillac of lasting value.



Take something as basic as front bumper guards. They do a lot more than look good. So much more that Cadillac makes them standard on all models. We do because, with their rubber impact-absorption inserts, they help prevent damage in parking.

And what could be more practical than the host of safety features that are an integral part of every new Cadillac? From side-guard beams to the energy absorbing instrument panel and steering column. From dual-action safety hood latches to easy-to-use seat and shoulder belts.

Or consider the fact that Cadillac's 472-cubic-inch engine not only operates efficiently on regular gas, but also on no-lead and low-lead gasolines that reduce exhaust pollutants.



Or look at the practical side of the many other features available to you. Like Automatic Cruise Control that enables you to preselect your road speed with the touch of a finger. Or the Tilt and Telescope steering wheel. It adjusts for both height and reach for driver comfort and convenience.

Yet many of Cadillac's practical advantages are simply the result of superior Cadillac craftsmanship. Engine cylinder walls, for instance, are among the most precisely honed in the industry, accounting for Cadillac's outstanding oil economy.

And then, of course, there is Cadillac's remarkable resale record. It is a fact that a Cadillac traditionally returns a larger proportion of investment than any other car built in the land.

One of the most appreciated new Cadillac luxuries available is the lamp monitoring system that tells you whether your headlights, rear lights and turn signals are functioning properly. Coupled with the lamp monitoring system is a warning light that tells you when your windshield washer fluid is low.



So if you add it all up—what you get out of your Cadillac now and what you get out of it when you trade it—you could be in for a very pleasant surprise. A Cadillac is not only beautiful but beautifully practical. It could well be your best car buy.



Shown opposite is the 1974 Sedan deVille. Whichever Cadillac model you drive, be sure to use your shoulder/seat belts.

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THE SAXON LINE

After you've fallen for someone else's.

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Next week

THE GREAT RACE pits Jim Ryan, the world-record holder, against blash Muffy Leggett, who beat him in their last two races, over a mile at Philadelphia's Freedom Games.

BOSTON IS BOUNCING again, Yaz, sir, and all that plus a new double-play combination. Hubmen flock to see and believe in William Leggett scous the big Oracle series.

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Shell wants you to put new Shell Super X to the test yourself. To persuade you to try it, there's a coupon up above that will pay for the first can when you change over to Shell Super X. Try it. You'll be more than satisfied.



Performance Polyglas





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As you repay your loan, your line of credit automatically renews itself. Whether you ever plan to borrow money or not, it pays to qualify for a La Salle line of credit so you'll always have a cash reserve to draw on if you ever need it.

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The possibilities endless.

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It requires a total systems approach that's engineered specifically to your requirements.



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BOOKTALK

An ecological satire depicts the real troublemakers in the natural kingdom

Remember Dr. Strangelove? Most of us who saw the film of the same name assumed he had perished in the fumes and fallout of Stanley Kubrick's arms-race fantasy. But Strangelove may have survived, and now may have resurfaced, as Herr Doktor's soulless brother, Morton Stultifer, Hon. Ph.D., sanitation engineer and bogus author of *The Case for Extinction* (Dial Press, \$4.95).

The real author is Richard Curtis, who uses Stultifer to satirize a technology gone mad and a society programmed for global disaster. The result is not as successful as the Strangelove statement, but *The Case for Extinction* does produce several belly laughs that sometimes have the hollow echo of gallows humor. Curtis, Stultifer does best when he stops forcing his jokes and gets down to the serious business of satirizing a subject that is no laughing matter to many concerned Americans.

The book begins with Stultifer's neo-Dar-

winian foreword, in which he states that "Many, if not most, of the creatures on this planet are weak, ugly, lazy, useless, vicious, lustful or otherwise disagreeable." The professor charges the pro-life lobby with an obsession for saving creatures sentimentalized in animal-cracker boxes: "The noble lion, the ferocious bear, the swift antelope, the quick brown fox . . ." all of which he regards as welfare chiselers in the Natural Kingdom.

To prove that most animals are better dead than fed, Stultifer reminds us that the harpy eagle has "disgusting habits" and loudmouth offspring who harp ("harp, harp, harp, harp, harp," etc.) across two pages of his text. The three-toed sloth is, uh, slothful; frogs cause warts; the elephant seal is decadent; the hairy white-faced musk-ox sheds fur all over the tundra and is plainly "incompatible with a healthy military-industrial complex."

What, asks the professor, can we decent folks do? His solutions read like a Sierra Club atrocity guide: Devoxy the serenity of the elephant seal with sonic booms, eliminate the frog and his amphibious friends with fertilizer fed by nitrates and take care of whatever is left with radioactivity re-

leased from "stupendous nuclear reactors on the banks of every American waterway."

Not content with plundering the fauna, the professor proceeds to indict the world's flora in terms that would do justice to a McCarthy investigator. He begins by citing the sexual preoccupation of trees, which are bent on reproduction, and he attacks the "single pinkgo" with special scorn, pointing out its origins in the Far East and deducing that it is part of the Yellow Peril. The only hope is planned plunder.

Abandoning satire for a moment, Curtis proposes a tongue-in-cheek solution to the problem of cooling the water from nuclear generating plants. Run it across members of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, he suggests. Their ice-water veins would cool off anything.

He may have something there.

—MARY REINHOLZ

Super Spectator and the Electric Lollipopman by William O. Johnson Jr., a perceptive examination of the impact of television on sport—and vice versa—has been published by Little, Brown and Company (\$6.95). The book is an expansion of articles originally published in this magazine.



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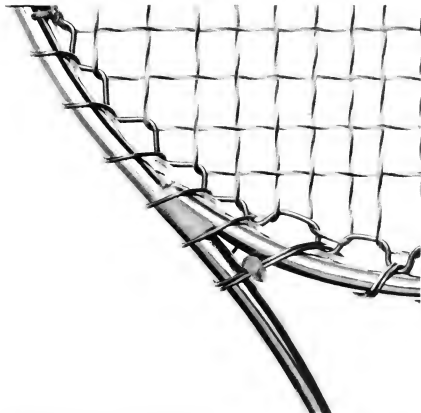
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glad you use
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(don't you wish everybody did?)



Wilson T2000. The little wires

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The WILSON T2000, grand-daddy of them all, had the edge on them right from the start: a patented string suspension system called the crown-and-wrap. It can help you do almost everything better.

The crown-and-wrap system leaves the strings free to give and take tension, to accommodate one another, to deliver the perfect degree of pace and angle that your head is asking for when it swings your arm and racket into a shot.

Taut strings on tight wires...like live nerves. The racket is hypersensitive. Ordinary rackets, frame-strung, can't give you the "feel" you need, for example,

to finesse a nest drop shot.

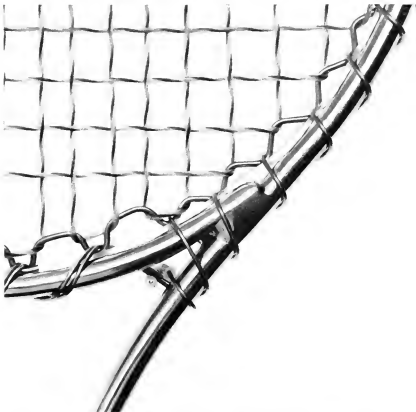
Cutting loose on a smash or a cannonball serve, the whole head of the racket acts like a small trampoline, powering the ball back at many times your own strength. Man, it satisfies!

But, let's be realistic: nobody hits them all dead-center. How about all those times you settle for getting just a piece of the racket on the ball?

The crown allows some "give" around the edges of the frame, which wouldn't happen if the strings went into the frame. So the T2000 can respond to those off-target hits with all the authority that most rackets save for bulls-eyes.

That's the kind of help you need from a racket.





are a big help to your game.

Tennis people would know that. Only someone who has a deep understanding of what happens when ball meets racket could conceive the advantages of a crown-and-wrap suspension...or the mobility and balance of an Astro-Flow frame...or the sure feel of a top-grade calfskin grip.

All of which explains why the Wilson T2000, first of the metal rackets, is still the best. Machine-tested for durability. Tournament-tested for playability. No complaints.

If you're an average player and can use some help putting speed on the ball, you should buy the "R Flex" model. The "Firm Flex" model is slightly stiffer, to give our power-hitting friends better control of their big game.

The T2000 is the only metal racket that gives you

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Wilson, anyone?

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Which of these cities has the worst traffic?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

If you live in one of these cities, you spend a lot of time stuck in traffic. So you probably think your city has the worst traffic. And you're right. Because each city has a different kind of the worst traffic, depending on its transportation system.

Each of these seven cities has a CBS Owned AM radio station. That makes us feel responsible for helping over 60 million people cope with traffic.

KMOX in St. Louis and WCBS Newradio in New York use helicopters to straighten out traffic. They fly above the rush hour crowds and channel cars onto the fastest moving routes. Both stations also broadcast up-to-the-minute reports on any public transit delays.

Traffic computers are working for WBBM Newradio in Chicago and KNX Newradio in Los Angeles. If an accident causes a tie-up, or a highway lane is closed, the computer weighs all the facts and comes up with the best combination of alternate routes.

The seven CBS Owned radio stations do more than just direct traffic. When we aren't busy presenting the news of the day, we're helping to find answers to problems like the high cost of living and drug abuse.

Judging from all the awards we've won for our community service, we must be on the right road.

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We feel responsible to cover 60 million people.

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WCBS Newradio 68 New York
WCAU Radio 121 Philadelphia
WBBM Newradio 78 Chicago
KMOX Radio 1120 St. Louis
KJLH Newradio 71 San Francisco
KNX Newradio 1070 Los Angeles
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With Henry, the man behind the bar: dispenser of drinks, referee, holder of stakes, observer of man, and sympathetic ear.



The night got off to a slow start. Then some oil company brass from Dallas came in. I poured three Harper's.

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Then the classy-looking advertising lady dropped by with her crowd. Took a table in the corner. They were all business.

In came one of the top Park Avenue psychiatrists. Told me his troubles. Called me "the analyst's analyst."

Harper and soda for a well-known drama critic. Said he couldn't sit through the last act. Somebody's going to get roasted tomorrow.



This one's for Henry.



For nearly a hundred years, I.W. Harper has been winning medals all over the world—the reason it's known as the Gold Medal Bourbon, the finest Kentucky bourbon you can buy.

Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.

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SCORECARD

Edited by FRANK DEFORD

MR. MERGER GOES TO WASHINGTON

Now that the National and American Basketball Associations have decided to trust each other and work together, the only hurdle to complete merger is Congress, which must pass an antitrust waiver. It will take a lot of backscratching and elbowing, but there are several good reasons why Congress can be expected to grant such a dispensation in time for a common draft next spring.

First, there is the matter of precedent. The NFL got its waiver, and baseball has Supreme Court immunity. Can anyone seriously doubt that basketball is entitled to the same sort of protection? Besides, Congress is going to get a lot of heat to permit a merger from—of all places—the colleges. If peace comes to pro basketball, raids on college teams will end.

Supposedly, the NBA Players Association is hell-bent to halt the merger, but in fact many of the players are closet doves. "Look, we don't want to stop the merger," one player rep says. "We just want to use it to get concessions." A more liberal option (reserve clause and better pensions are what the players really want out of this).

Finally, the NBA-ABA owners have already talked to the man who is obviously the best candidate to plead their case in Washington, Lawyer Thomas Kuehl, the former Senator from California and Republican minority whip. If Kuehl does associate himself with the merger effort, it is difficult to imagine his former colleagues turning him down. He is respected on both sides of the aisle, and it is very shrewd of the NBA-ABA to make him their first draft choice.

THE BETTER HALF

Watson T. Yoshimoto, president of the Oahu Construction Company in Honolulu, is one of 35 men under federal indictment in California for hunting desert bighorn sheep, a legally protected vanishing species.

In July a fashion show will be held in Honolulu as a benefit for the Hawaiian Humane Society. It has been arranged by a member of the board of the society, Mrs. Watson T. Yoshimoto.

TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

Because their territories overlap and they compete directly for players and spectators, the Big Eight and Missouri Valley Conference are bitter basketball rivals. When Maury John, the Drake University coach, resigned recently to accept the head coaching job at Iowa State, Drake's president, Dr. Paul Sharp, talked about presenting John with an alarm clock "to keep him awake while sitting on the bench at those dull Big Eight games." Those words should instill the athletic department at Oklahoma, in the Big Eight. Dr. Sharp has just been named president of Oklahoma.

WII

An NCAA survey has revealed that the leading jock school in the country, the only one that offers 21 different undergraduate sports, is that famous old football factory, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

CHALLENGE TO EXCELLENCE

One of the most unfair and archaic systems in sport appears to be on its way out. The informed consensus is that when the Davis Cup nations meet in London on July 1 they will at last vote to abolish the Challenge Round, which has been the order of the cup since 1902. The Challenge Round permits the defending champion to sit out the months of arduous competition that the other tennis nations must endure—then come out of hibernation long enough only to defend its title against the worn and weary survivor. Also, the defender (presently the U.S.) always earns the right to play the Challenge Round at home. It is no wonder that only four nations have ever won the cup and only the U.S. or Australia since 1937.

Sadly, the Davis Cup committee, studying other possible changes in the rules, is not disposed to recommend that the ban on contract professionals be overturned. With the cup pooh-bahs, a contract professional is one who signs a contract with Lamar Hunt, and these include most of the best players in the world and all of the great Australians—Laver, Newcombe, Rosewall, Roche, Emerson, Stolle. Australia is the champion tennis nation in the world but is essentially disenfranchised in the Davis Cup. The Aussie pickup team of leftovers has already been eliminated this year by Japan. While the abolishment of the Challenge Round is a step forward, the sad truth is that the Davis Cup will remain in the international bush leagues until it accepts the best players in the world.

FUNNY, YOU DON'T LOOK QUACK

In a society dominated by whites, even our athletic mascots have appeared to be white—that is, all the cute little lions, bears, wildcats, hawks. With blacks being accepted as quarterbacks, coaches and cheerleaders, about the last barrier for the blacks in athletics to crash was the mascot barrier.

In the last few years at the University



of Oregon several teams have had their own symbol, all featuring the school's Disneylike duck mascot. This spring the members of the track team, white and black, ordered their duck in black, with a very snappy Afro. Now everybody can sing that old campfire ditty this way: "Be kind to your web-footed friends, for a duck may be somebody's soul brother."

... IS WHAT YOU GET

Golfers have often taken a cavalier attitude toward the tournaments that provide them with their handsome livelihood. Players have their names removed

continued

A new taste to remember, but not on the tip of your tongue.



The Unbiteable

AMPHORA "Green" has made the pipe smoker's impossible dream come true. It is a rich aromatic blend that has no bite at all! Every puff, even the last few, are 100% biteless.

Your friends will appreciate AMPHORA "Green's" rich aroma. It is crisp and autumn-like. Definitely pleasing. And you'll like its cool taste and slow-burning characteristics.

Try a pouch of AMPHORA "Green" today. Discover why pipe smokers have made unbiteable AMPHORA Number One® in America.

AMPHORA Brown Pepper AMPHORA Blue Mild Aromatic AMPHORA Red Full Aromatic AMPHORA Green Rich Aromatic

AMPHORA—America's Largest Selling Imported Pipe Tobacco

SCORECARD Continued

from so-called "commitment" lists willy-nilly; quitting when things go bad—euphemistically known as "withdrawing"—is more or less accepted behavior. When Billy Casper and Lee Trevino pulled out of the recent Greater New Orleans Open, it left the \$125,000 tournament without a single strong drawing card, but with the guarantee of a \$25,000 first prize.

Tournament sponsors have long railed at this ridiculous situation, but now one New Orleans official, Henry Thomas, a past president of the American Golf Sponsors Association, is ready to add some bite to the bark. Essentially, he is ready to tell the PGA that, as Flip Wilson says, what you see is what you get. If you don't produce Palmer-Nicklaus, you don't get Palmer-Nicklaus prize money. "It's really very simple," Thomas says. "We sign a contract guaranteeing the PGA a purse of \$125,000. They sign the same contract guaranteeing us a representative field." That is, a \$125,000 field.

For an average tournament, Thomas thinks it should work this way: a \$75,000 base pot and a purse increase of \$5,000 for every one of the top five participating money winners from the previous year, increased by \$2,500 for each of the second five, and \$1,000 for each of the next 20. A more sophisticated arrangement would be to set the biggest bonuses on the biggest drawing cards, whatever their formal money-winning rank happens to be, but the general idea is fascinating.

B.O. T.K.O.

Joe Frazier and the Knockouts, with a \$5,000 guarantee and another \$5,000 in expenses, played a date last week at Winteland, an auditorium in the heart of the San Francisco black community. Less than 100 people paid their way in to see the heavyweight champ sing and, more embarrassing even than that, only eight of 30 people with free passes cared enough to come.

The Winteland management wanted to cancel the show, but Frazier refused, so then Winteland canceled its scheduled May 22 appearance of Muhammad Ali—on the questionable theory that if the winner can't draw, then certainly the loser can't. Incidentally, 2,000 of the 37,000 shares in Cloverly, the management company that owns Frazier, are presently up for sale.

BALTIMORE GOES TOPLESS

May Day ended what must be a record municipal streak. On that day, for the first time in more than a year—370 days—Baltimoreans awoke without at least one of their three major league teams in first place. When the Orioles lost to Kansas City and fell to second, it marked the first time since April 26, 1970 that either the Bullets, Colts or Orioles were not leading their division. Baltimore's other major league entry, Blaze Starr, still remains at the top of her league.

NEW KNEES NEWS

Ashley Montagu, the famous anthropologist, noted last week in a speech that, except for brute strength, "the female of the human species is naturally superior to the male in all respects whatever." He further suggested that nowadays, in a sedentary, cerebral world, brute strength is no more than "a nuisance" anyway.

The observation is particularly relevant because a German surgical specialist, Professor Franz Baumgartl, estimates that better than a third of all people do not have knees strong enough to support their bulk in sports, or even in shop work. It is implicit from his study that U.S. pro teams could immediately improve their scouting assessments by a full 33% merely by requiring careful knee examinations of prospects—especially those who are being paid at the rate of about \$50,000 a knee in bonus money.

Furthermore, a Texas neurosurgeon, Dr. Harry W. Slade, says that misplaced male pride is one of the big problems with knees—and no, this has nothing to do with hot pants. Dr. Slade points out that when players are injured they always try to hobble off the field to show how brave they are. In the process, he says, many of them turn a minor knee injury into a major one. "A mandatory stretcher rule would remove those hang-ups," he recommends. "It would just become the routine thing. If a player is hurt, he's carried away on a stretcher."

PUN

At the conclusion of the recent St. Petersburg, Florida-to-Isla Mujeres, Mexico yacht race, spectators observed Huey Long's magnificent 73' *Odette II* with awe. A crewman explained that there was even a sauna bath aboard the ketch. "You have to be worth at least

a million to be able to use it," the sailor said.

Said a reporter: "I guess that makes me per sauma non grata."

MENAGERIE

Things have been very lively lately in the animal world. For one thing, it turns out that Canonero II, the Kentucky Derby winner, is not named after a racehorse, Canonero I, but after a certain type of folksinging group that goes by that name in Venezuela.

Taking advantage of the new diplomatic thaw with China, the Cincinnati zoo has written Chou En-lai in an effort to obtain the first panda bear in the U.S. since 1953. Although Oscar Robertson and Jerry Lucas might offer a rebuttal, Ed Maruska, director of the zoo, maintains that a giant panda would have an "excellent" chance of surviving in Cincinnati.

Closed-circuit TV of live bullfights featuring El Cordobes have been scheduled for about 50 theaters in the U.S. on June 13, but the TV *corrida* has been knocked out of San Francisco and San Jose by efforts of the local ASPCA.

Meanwhile, Cutty Sark Scotch has offered a \$2,400,000 bounty for the capture—alive and unharmed—of a Loch Ness monster. In the event of a tie, the behemoth with the earliest postmark will win.

That's All, Folks.

THEY SAID IT

• E. B. Benjamin, breeder of Canonero II, on the triumph of the colt he sold to a Venezuelan for a mere \$1,200: "It was just like *National Velvet*—but no Liz Taylor."

• Joe DiMaggio at Willie Mays' 40th birthday party: "Of course Willie will make the Hall of Fame, but I don't know if I'll be around to see it. You know, the rules require a five-year wait after retirement to become eligible, and who knows when this man will ever retire?"

• Bones McKinney, CBS commentator, watching two basketball teams trade intentional fouls: "It reminds me of the little girl who changed a dollar in one store, then changed it back into a bill in another. Somebody got around to asking her what she was doing, and she said, 'Well, someone is finally going to make a mistake if I keep this up, and it won't be me.'"

END

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THREE KIDS WARM UP CHILLY CITY

San Franciscans, slightly bored with second-place, are cheering the Giants again **by RON FIMRITE**

There are certain indications that San Francisco's tepid romance with her baseball team may at last be heating up again. Oh, there will not be any of that "Amarin' Mets" or "Big Red Machine" nonsense, not in a city that equates undue enthusiasm for athletics with Philistinism.

No, there are slenderer straws in the wind. Restaurateur Reno Barsocchini, for example, is contemplating renting buses once more to haul his customers out to Candlestick Park for Sunday doubleheaders and other noteworthy occasions, a practice all but abandoned during the Giants' seemingly interminable stay in second place. And Sam Cohen, who was so touched by the Giants' pennant success in 1962 that he poured champagne (domestic) on the sidewalk outside his bar, was asked by a customer just the other day if he knew the score of the Giants game with Atlanta. He did not, but as a one-share Giants





stockholder he was heartened by the inquiry. They are even discussing the team in the steam room of the Ambassador Health Club, where stock quotations and paddleball scores are of greater immediacy, and in the Union Street "body exchange" bars, where conversations tend to be more conspiratorial.

This is not to say San Franciscans are flocking in great numbers to their drafty ball park. Attendance is running about 30,000 ahead of last year and almost twice that of the nearby Oakland A's, who play in strictest privacy, but the Giants still are averaging only slightly better than 13,000 a game. However, the baseball talk is a favorable sign, and if the team should continue to play as

continued



The new young Giants, Steve Stone (left) and Chris Speier (above), last season were not even on a big league roster and Jerry Johnson (right) was unwanted in St. Louis.

extraordinarily as it has, a return to flusher times would seem imminent.

During this first month and a half of the season, the Giants have made a mockery of the National League's Western Division race, leading by as many as seven games when barely 30 have been played. But far more interesting to their followers are the new personalities on a roster that once was as familiarly dull as the program at a ground-breaking dedication. Willie Mays is, of course, Willie Mays, but San Franciscans have long resisted his celebrated lovable-ness. His 40th birthday party at the Fairmont Hotel missed being a sellout by half a dozen tables, although it is possible some well-wishers stayed away to escape hearing Mayor Joseph Alioto's newest Italian jokes. Willie McCovey is a prince among men, but he is also a stoic. And Gaylord Perry and Juan Marchal are . . . well . . . old hat. The players who have most roused the natives are youngsters hardly anyone anywhere has ever heard of—a boy shortstop, a Jewish intellectual who plays championship Ping-Pong and who just might be a right-handed Koufax, and a relief pitcher who talked himself out of sloth. Then there is the team's manager, an Irish tenor.

The shortstop, Chris Speier, and the new Koufax, Steve Stone, were not even on the Giant roster at the beginning of spring training and the positive thinker, Jerry Johnson, was in the doghouse. The manager, Charlie Fox, was starting his first full season in the majors after a near lifetime of managing in the minors. All are now working hard on their legends.

Considering community taste, it is remarkable that Fox did not move into his job sooner. He is the perfect San Francisco baseball manager—a wag of the Lefty O'Doul stripe, who sings at parties, pours Galway Mist for newspapermen, performs trick pool shots and tells dialect stories. At the Mays birthday celebration, Fox favored the crowd with an altered rendition of *Somewhy Boy*: "Friends may forsake me; let them all forsake me; I still have you, Willie boy."

"Charlie has this team playing loose," says Jerry Donovan, assistant to team President Horace Stoneham. "It's a happy ball club."

And yet Stoneham, for all of his reputation for conviviality—perhaps even because of it—in the pre-Fox days had

preferred to hire Southern gentlemen like Alvin Dark and Clyde King as his managers, moralists who were bombs as public relations men. Fox is no Frank Sinatra, but in a city that prefers her celebrities to take a drink from time to time and swing a little, he is the sort of free spirit San Franciscans can empathize with.

Speier, too, seems to have been sent over by central casting. He is exactly the sort of ballplayer the Giants haven't had since the move West—a brash yet ingenious kid with the physical and mental courage of a natural leader. Better yet, he is a local boy—from across the bay in Alameda. Speier will not be 21 until June 28 and already he is the star of proliferating anecdotes. There is the one about Speier ordering the fiercely competitive Perry to "keep the ball down, for Pete's sake, so I can get you a double play." There is Speier in spring training speaking so harshly to Giants Pitcher Jim Barr that Barr angrily throws the ball back to him, demanding to know if Speier wants to pinch in his stead.

And there is Speier asking his road roommate, Hal Lanier, if in the big leagues both games of a doubleheader are for nine innings. Or Speier eagerly introducing himself to Sportscaster Barry Tompkins and telling him how much he admires his work, thereby changing the course of the interview. Speier, in fact, considers it his duty to be as cooperative as possible with the media, a policy that will not hurt his image. And he can look upon himself with some wry detachment: "It does seem a little strange. I mean, these guys have always been my heroes—Mays, McCovey, Marchal and Perry—and now I'm out there with them. So here I am running up to Marchal and shouting, 'Hey Juan, let's bear down out there.' Even though I look up to these people with respect, I still have no reservations about talking to them like that. You just have to get on some pitchers sometimes. What I need to learn is a little more tact."

Before this year, Speier had only one season of professional baseball—he hit .283 in 1970 for Amarillo of the Texas League—but he looks to even the most skeptical of experts like a finished product.

"I watched this kid play maybe 60 games in the Instructional League," says Fox, "and I said to myself, this is the best young shortstop I've seen in 20

years. He has everything—range, quick hands and what an arm! So the boss says to me, 'Are you gonna give this boy a chance, Charlie?' A chance? 'Hell,' I said, 'he's better than anything we've got right now.'"

"It's discrimination, that's what it is," Herman Franks, one of Fox's predecessors, told him during last week's series with Atlanta. "I never had a shortstop in four years here and you come up with this kid."

Speier has been a .300 hitter this season and, as the second man in the batting order, he has proved adept at advancing the swift leadoff man, Bobby Bonds, either by sacrifice or the hit and run. He has made plays behind second base and deep in the hole between third and second, and with the agile, if erratic, Tino Fuentes at second, he has been giving the Giants the best doubleplay combination they've had in San Francisco.

"He's turned the whole team around," says Fox.

"The keys have been Speier, Stone, and Johnson," says Outfielder Ken Henderson, himself an emerging star of 24. These are three unusual keys to have on the same chain.

Stone is two years out of Kent State University, where he felt keenly the unrest that resulted in what he now calls "that accidental tragedy." He can appear before a boosters club and matter-of-factly describe how his nervousness in his first major league start "failed to manifest itself in the usual way." He can say with considerable conviction that reading Koufax' autobiography "five times" convinced him "just how mental this game really is. Why, you can actually will yourself to win." Stone has always been a winner of sorts. He was a table tennis champion in the Cleveland area, a leading amateur tennis player and a star on Kent State's bowling and volleyball teams.

He was not involved in a decision until his fourth start. Stone is now 3-1 and has ERA is 2.93. On Sunday he survived a 2-run 4-hit first inning. He allowed one hit in the next seven innings. He won 5-2. He struck out nine Pittsburgh Pirates in 6½ innings in his only loss. Fox thinks he can win 15 games this season.

Johnson, who at 27 is four years older than Stone, has won four games and lost once as a relief pitcher. He came to the Giants last season in a trade with

St. Louis, bringing with him a reputation as a fast-ball pitcher whose mind would wander in the heat of combat. It is a habit he is convinced he kicked after some soul-searching this past spring.

"I had a long talk with myself," he explained. "I said to myself, 'Now this is gonna be my year. If I'm ever gonna do it, this has to be the year.'"

Johnson is not the only one who had a long talk with Johnson. Fox also advised the absent-minded pitcher that he was squandering a first-rate talent. He's been a study in concentration since, as well as the team's busiest pitcher, appearing in 14 of the first 31 games. "What the heck," says Johnson of the heavy work load, "I'm a young fella." Most of the Giants are. Remove the 40-year-old Mays and the 33-year-old McCovey from the starting lineup and the team age averages only 25. In Fox's five-man pitching rotation, only Perry and Marichal are over 30. And there are promising youngsters on the Phoenix farm team to fill in when the comparatively elderly superstars finally falter.

Candlestick Park itself looks younger, even though at age 11 it is the second oldest stadium in the National League, junior only to Chicago's Wrigley Field. It is benefiting now from a face-lift that will increase its seating capacity and, it is hoped, ward off the cruel winds that sweep across Candlestick Point. New orange football bleachers sit unoccupied in the right-field wind tunnel and scaffolding for the double-decking rise from both the left- and right-field grandstands. Escalators are being installed to spare the weary of heart the arduous climb up Cardiac Hill and new plastic seats have replaced the wooden chairs that proved such a boon to the stocking industry in the Bay Area.

The Giants are now only moderately miffed that most of the gussying up is to accommodate the football 49ers who will play there this season after 25 years in the even more wretched Kezar Stadium. Candlestick looks like a giant construction project, providing an odd setting for an unusual team. The symbolism is obvious: neither the team nor its ball park has a finished look, but every day the pieces seem to be falling into place. And the city, unusual in its own right, looks on with increasing interest as they grow together. "We watch," says Sam Ceben, cooling the champagne, "with amazement." **END**



Tenor and bon vivant, Manager Charlie Fox has early season reason to relax and to smile.

BUT THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN (AND AGAIN!)

One of the most durable traditions of the North of England—more persistently endemic than cloth caps and chips with everything—is a vigorous contempt for the footballers of the South. In the raw, uncompromising cities of Lancashire and Yorkshire and Northumberland the soccer teams of London have long been regarded as pathologically effete. Even the Northern players who migrate to the rich clubs of the capital are generally assumed to have been corrupted by its soft living and diminished by its implied acceptance of the mad heresy that soccer is only a game.

In the large, slopily banked stadiums of Manchester, Liverpool or Newcastle no such delusion can survive. There, players and crowd come together each Saturday afternoon and on many week-nights through nine months of the year to enact a mutually sustaining rite. An important football match in that part of the country is one of the last intense communal experiences remaining in English society, just as the football star is still the truest folk hero, cutting across boundaries of age and cultural background as no pop singer or film actor ever could. He is a magical being without the accompanying disadvantage of remoteness. The tribe can reach out and take its share of him every Saturday.

London is not entirely exempt from this mythology; it has thousands of fans who are as violently partisan as any in Britain. But there is no doubt that the metropolitan environment tends to produce a sophisticated blurring of attitudes, sometimes replacing the values of a religion with those of show business. This sort of thing helps to harden the Northern conviction that Southerners do not feel football where it should be felt, in the guts and the marrow of the bones.

Northerners are not shy about telling

Scorned by Northerners as too soft and sophisticated, along came London Arsenal to grab soccer's extremely rare double

by HUGH McILVANNEY

anyone who will listen that life is real where they come from and it has made men of them. Their favorite demonstration of this manliness has been provided on the football field. "The South is too soft to stand a chance with our teams" is a boast that has come regularly from club managers as well as from the booey voices on the terraces, and in season after season recently it has been validated by the record books.

The First Division championship, most exacting and accurate test of quality in English football, was virtually monopolized by the North during the '60s. There are 22 clubs in the top division of the Football League, and each plays the others home and away on the basis that a win earns two points and a draw gains one. Those 42 matches, in conditions that vary from snow and ice or mud up to the shin guards, all the way to the baked and jarring surfaces of early and late summer, amount to a marathon that drains the substance from all but the most determined and resilient teams.

Between 1962 and this year, if it was not Manchester United or Manchester City that finished with most points, it was Liverpool or their Merseyside rivals, Everton, or the formidably combative side built at Leeds by Don Revie. In the other principal competition, the Football Association Cup, the story was slightly less dismal for the South, partly because the straight knock-out system

employed in cup football gives more scope for fortuitous results and unlikely winners. Nevertheless, in the 20 years from 1950, the Cup went to London only five times.

If there was anything to temper the North's smugness, it could only be what happened right in the middle of those 20 years, in the 1961 and 1962 seasons. Tottenham Hotspur, which competes with Arsenal for the affections of north London, won the Cup in both years, and in the earlier one they did something much more remarkable. They became the first club this century to accomplish the seemingly unattainable double of Cup and First Division championship. The feat had been managed twice before, by Preston North End and Aston Villa, but their successes came in 1889 and 1897, in an era of curly mustaches, long pants and infinitely milder competition. The Spurs' achievement was incomparably more impressive and many good judges suspected that, as soccer's financial rewards and therefore its stresses increased, the double would move permanently out of reach.

The idea that a London club might emulate the Spurs in the foreseeable future was dismissed as utterly fanciful. Any suggestion that Arsenal might be the club to do the double had to be received as a sick joke. Arsenal is, by traditional right, the Establishment club in England, a symbol of solidity and discreet affluence. In the 1930s it enjoyed success befitting its station, taking the league championship three seasons in a row. And even when things began to go wrong in the middle '50s Arsenal continued to put on

continued

Fixing the Ball, Arsenal Double Bob Wilson (No. 1) blunts the attempt of a red-shirted Liverpool forward to head it into the net.





a brave face. Seventeen barren years had persuaded some that honors were for other people when, in 1970, Arsenal beat Anderlecht of Belgium to win the Fairs Cup, the third in order of significance among European club competitions.

What was relevant about that victory was that it was neither a fluke nor the result of an isolated surge. By now Arsenal was being run by a partnership that was sending out the most confident and best organized team in two decades. Headline writers on the London papers happily dug out their old puns about the Gunners (the club's origins were at Woolwich Arsenal) shooting for the top prizes again. The senior member of the partnership is Bertie Mee, a short, brisk man with a hooked nose and a rather clerical mien. Mee proved to be an outstanding organizer, and, perhaps most vital of all, a man who knows how to pick a supporting cast and make the best use of it.

Mee's chief assistant, and the man whose coaching is mainly responsible for the present Arsenal team's prodigious efficiency, is Don Howe. He made the team hard to beat, then gave it the knack of winning consistently. Arsenal's football has often been about as stirring as a plowing contest but the points kept accumulating in the second half of the league program, and a crisis in the semi-final of the Cup was weathered after a replay. Then Leeds United, which had set up a commanding lead in the first division only to be crucially weakened by injuries to its best players, was afflicted with the wobbles that so frequently strike at the end of the season. Suddenly Arsenal was even with Leeds and the double was a possibility.

But neither leg was going to be easy. In the championship Arsenal went into its last match on Monday of last week—just five days before the Cup final—against a mass of mathematical possibilities: the Gunners were one point behind Leeds (which had completed its series) and if they played to a draw and neutralized that deficit, the title would be settled by a comparison of the goals records over the season. The fractions involved were as small as one-hundredth of a goal. But despite playing on the

home ground of its fiercest rival, Tottenham, Arsenal scored the only goal and won the championship cleanly—pulling it off before a frenzied crowd of 60,000 inside the arena, with another angry 50,000 locked outside an hour before the game began.

Arsenal also played more thrillingly than it had for months, attacking with a drive and exhilarating insistence that nearly made the crowd forget that the team had scrambled through five of its last six home games by snatching single goals when it should have been capable of getting three or four. Frank McLan- tock, the Scottish captain of the Gunners, promised that they would show their true worth when they met Liverpool in the Cup final at Wembley.

Another figure in the gathering drama was Bill Shankly, the Liverpool manager. Shankly is an extraordinary figure in British football, so obsessed with the Liverpool Club that if he is asked a question on any issue, he will find a way of answering it in terms of soccer. He cannot talk for more than 10 seconds without mentioning one of "the two best teams in Britain—Liverpool and the Liverpool reserves."

By three o'clock last Saturday afternoon all the talking was over. Wembley's turf was as green and inviting as it has ever been (though it can be a treacherous invitation, for that rich grass saps and cramps limbs already made vulnerable by tension), and a dazzling sun coaxed a few of the 100,000 crowd into shirtsleeves. It was a setting that asked great players to declare themselves. Perhaps it was the day for Liverpool's Steve Heighway, a graduate in politics and economics and until recently an obscure amateur, to excite the stadium and a television audience of around 400 million with his graceful and murderously direct running. Heighway, who made a huge reputation in his first season as a professional, was ideally equipped to violate Arsenal's well-rehearsed calm.

The figures in Liverpool's goals-against column reflected an even more disciplined resistance than their opponents could offer, but Arsenal had two men in particular with the ingenuity and variety of technique to offset them—George Graham, a tall, upright Scot with the dark good looks of a virile male model who controls and passes the ball with a beautiful touch and deep perception, and Charlie George. At 20,

George is the archetype of the uninhibited, well-paid and socially confident footballer of the '70s. His lank fair hair falls to his shoulders or streams behind him when he runs, which he does with perfect balance and great purpose, taking the ball with him as if it were an extension of his limbs. He has the ability to absorb the fluctuating patterns of play, the moment-to-moment deployment of players at a glance, and his right foot kicks the ball with shattering power.

Heighway, Graham and, above all, George were to make themselves felt before the afternoon was out but, as the game went on, they suffered in the overall dreariness. Even then, if Ray Kennedy, a strong attacker who had scored the lone goal on Monday against Tottenham, had taken more chances, Arsenal would have had the Cup beyond Liverpool's reach. But the chances were missed and the game was still a scoreless, drowsy deadlock when Shankly drafted in Peter Thompson as a substitute. Thompson, dazzlingly skilful but an erratic player, suddenly transformed the match, using his lithe, consuming stride to carry the ball where Arsenal least wanted it and aiming passes with unfamiliar thoughtfulness. He brought Heighway to life and restored the pride of the Liverpool crowd, usually the most articulate in the land but this afternoon reduced to numbed silence.

Thompson could not quite turn the match in the regular 90 minutes, but as the teams launched into the first of two extra quarter-hour periods, he immediately set Heighway on a characteristic run along the left. The surge ended in a low, angled shot—and Arsenal was behind. Bill Shankly rose to give a victory salute to his followers, but 10 minutes later Arsenal forced in an untidy but not undeserved equalizer, and everything was riding on the last quarter. It was then—with nine minutes of the two hours left—that Charlie George reasserted himself after a prolonged spell of vagueness. Teammate John Radford continued an opening for him a few yards outside the Liverpool penalty area. A couple of swift, measured steps and that explosive right foot did the rest.

HAVE A DOUBLE ON GEORGE, the London papers advised archly the next day. Charlie was the one pure, 24-karat Londoner on the Arsenal team. The North can make what it likes out of that.

END

Long-subsided Arsenal fans came to life in the overtime—and then here Charlie George and Frank McLanlock came up with the cup.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEL LEITER

HE TAKES OFF, HE TAKES IT IN

Whether he's long-jumping or scoring a touchdown, UCLA freshman James McAlister is sensational. In fact, he could become the first to win both an Olympic gold medal and the Heisman Trophy **by PAT PUTNAM**

One recent day during the fury of a UCLA spring football practice, Coach Pepper Rodgers placed the ball seven yards from the goal, turned to his white-shirted offense and said, "O.K., take it in." Mike Flores, who was the quarterback of the moment, responded by calling a play new to the UCLA repertoire. It's named panzer division straight ahead and, instead of the usual hut-hut-hut, the quarterback sets it in motion by yelling ready-aim-fire. That's after he asks the defenders if they would like a last cigarette and a blindfold. Quite simply, Flores tucks the ball into the hard flat stomach of James McAlister (see cover), a 19-year-old freshman, who then hurls his 200 pounds through the enemy ranks with equal amounts of extraordinary speed and power. This time, as he covered the required seven yards, he left seven defenders strewn on the ground behind him. Surveying the casualties, Rodgers shook his head. "He

just may become the greatest football player ever," he said. "One man alone can't even slow him down, much less stop him."

A short time later the bullhorn blared, signaling the end of practice. McAlister sped to the locker room, where he quickly exchanged his football uniform for the lighter costume of a track and field athlete. "Hey, Clark Kent," a teammate yelled. "Instead of a locker, they should give you a telephone booth." Within a few minutes, McAlister was on the track, trying to work the football out of the huge, muscular legs that make him a world-class long-jumper. Until last weekend's dual meet against USC, McAlister had made the longest jump in the world this year, 26' 6½". In a previous meet, against Stanford, he jumped 27' 10" only to be red-flagged on a foul of less than two inches.

"He has got to be the best athlete I've ever seen," says Jim Bush, the UCLA track coach, who is torn between being grateful to football for bringing McAlister to UCLA and being unhappy when he thinks of all the 250-pound linemen who will be taking shots at his prized athlete. "There's no doubt that he has to be the finest long-jump prospect ever. He has the most powerful leg muscles I've ever seen. I haven't the slightest doubt that James would be in the 28-foot range right now if it wasn't for spring football. His legs are really beat up. And he's still over 25 feet consistently. It's amazing."

But then, McAlister has been amazing people ever since he jumped 22 feet in junior high school. "I really wanted to be a runner," he says, "but I just wasn't fast enough to beat the other kids. So I went to the other events, starting with the high jump. But when I went 22 feet on the long jump and the coach said that was pretty good, that became my game. I really liked the feeling of flying in the air. The day I did 26-6, I felt I was so high up in the air I'd never come down."

At Blair High in Pasadena, McAlister

found another game: football. As a senior, he gained 2,168 yards, averaged 9.27 yards per carry and scored 31 touchdowns. In the Shrine High School All-Star Game, he capped his prep career by running for 132 yards and one touchdown, catching two passes, running for an extra point—and kicking a 20-yard field goal.

McAlister enjoyed football, but track remained his first love. A 25' 7" long jump he made last year equaled the national prep record set by Jerry Proctor of Pasadena in 1967. (His 26' 6½" bettered Proctor's international age-19 mark by four inches.) Just to keep busy, McAlister also high-jumped, ran the low hurdles and anchored the 440 relay team. He was a high school All-America in both football and track.

"In basketball I was all-disaster," he says. "Just for the heck of it, I went out for the team my junior year. I made it but I never got to play more than a few seconds a game. Then one game I got in the last 10 minutes. I was almost as tall as I am now [6' 1"] and I could jump, so I'd rebound and pass off. But I could never bring myself to shoot. Finally, as a joke, a guy on the other team fouled me. I went to the line and just stood there bouncing the ball and staring at the basket. I kept saying, 'You can do it, you can do it.' Finally the referee said, 'Do it.' I pushed the ball up and it fell five feet short of the rim. You should have heard the crowd roar with laughter. I said, 'That's it, I quit.'"

His baseball career was equally short. As an 11-year-old catcher, he was the slugging sensation of a kids' minor league in Pasadena. After hitting five home runs in eight games, he was asked to join a major league team. "My cousin Jimmy, who lived next door to me, was in the majors," McAlister says. "He was two years older. He kept kidding me about how tough the league was and how I wouldn't do so good. I bet him I'd hit a home run my first time up. And I hit the first pitch out of the park. But it went foul.

McAlister, roommate Allen Polivier share joke.





His legs dead from football practice, McAlister was able to jump only 28' 6" in last week's USC-UCLA meet. His personal best is 28' 8 1/2"

Jimmy was watching the game and he went running after the ball. He had a history of heart trouble. He dropped dead before he got to the ball. I set that bat down and said I'd never play that game again. And I never have."

When McAlister graduated from high school, the recruiters lined up three deep. He had three close friends at Blair: Kermit Johnson, another running back; Eugene Jones, a 6' 3", 230-pound tight

end; and Billy Williams, a 6' 1", 190-pound defensive back. UCLA, Oregon and Arizona offered the four a package scholarship deal, USC said it would take McAlister and look at the other three after a year of junior college. Everybody else wanted McAlister period.

"We talked about it and decided a package deal would be bad," McAlister says. "That three of us might be happy but the fourth might be unhappy. We

decided everybody should make up his own mind and not tell the others. I began to look around. I went to Notre Dame and the coach said he'd make me the first black running back All-America at Notre Dame. I knew I didn't want *that*. I just wanted a school where I'd be happy. If you aren't happy at school, then you won't be happy playing football. I finally narrowed it to UCLA and California at Berkeley. Then

continued

my high school coach told me to make out a list of anything I could think of, like environment, the coaches, the people, the smog, the hills. I love green hills and green trees. Then I took the list and checked off each school with a plus or minus. I had 25 items. Berkeley had a lot of pluses. The coaching staff was out of sight and I loved that little street that runs through the campus. It's like a little ant farm with all kinds of people going their own way. But when I added it all up, UCLA won by two points. Most schools guaranteed I'd play. UCLA said it wanted me but I had to earn it. I liked that."

When McAlister's high school coach, Pete Yoder, joined the USC coaching staff, it was assumed he'd take McAlister with him. USC never had a chance. "Already people were starting to compare me with O. J. Simpson," McAlister says. "I had that on my list as a minus. I don't want to be another O. J. I want to be James Edward McAlister. He had his style and I have mine. And I really liked the UCLA coaches, Tommy Prothro and Earmel Durden."

"I made my choice," McAlister told his friends. They said they had, too.

"I picked UCLA," said McAlister.

"Me, too," said Johnson.

"So did I," said Jones.

"Well, see you guys," said Williams. Which did you pick? they asked.

"UCLA," he said, laughing.

With the freshmen last fall, McAlister was every bit as sensational as expected. In three games, all won by UCLA, he ran 66 times for 384 yards and three touchdowns. He saved his biggest game for last, the one against the USC frosh.

"It was in that game I learned that in college you don't just run over people," McAlister says. "Some little USC linebacker gave me a shot in the head and after that everything was a total blank." Up to that point he had scored once on a 13-yard run and had another, for 85 yards, called back. That's the last he remembered.

"I asked somebody who won," McAlister says. "He said us, 28-6. Then they had to open my locker for me because I couldn't remember the combination. Then they told me I had run 95 yards for a touchdown. I said, 'Ah, man, get away, you're crazy.' Then on Monday I looked at the films. What a shock! I had gone 95 for a touchdown. But I figured if I couldn't remember something

like that, I wasn't going to try and run over any more people."

Then came the news that Prothro had moved on to the Los Angeles Rams. McAlister heard it on his car radio—and almost drove off the road. "Oh, Lord," I said. But when I thought about it, I thought, heck, I can't blame a man for trying to better himself. The next big thrill was waiting to see who would replace him."

It was Pepper Rodgers, coming in from Kansas. And one of his first moves was to meet with Prothro and McAlister.

"What about James and track?" Rodgers asked.

"I told him he'd have to practice football this spring and that he couldn't compete in any away meets," Prothro said. "And I promised him he could just run track in the spring after this first year."

"Is that it, James?" said Pepper.

"Yes, sir."

"Fine, then that's it," said Pepper.

"Whatever Coach Prothro promised you, I'll deliver."

"Coach Rodgers is something else," says McAlister. "Right off all the guys took to him. He calls you into his office and all he wants to do is chat and play Aretha Franklin records."

For those who don't dig Aretha, Pepper also has Dean Martin or Ray Conniff. "And on Sunday I play religious music," he says.

That settled, McAlister went out for track. "My idea of a long jump," he says. "Was to run as fast as I could down the runway and just take off. They taught me the double hunch. It's like walking on air. Two steps. I was just getting it good when football started. But that's part of the deal. I love track but football brought me here and I'm obligated."

While UCLA was going unbeaten in nine meets, McAlister was undefeated in the seven he was allowed to compete in at home. He also asked Bush if he could compete in the sprints. Bush said no. McAlister took on two UCLA sprinters in a 50-yard dash. He beat them easily in 5.1—just $\frac{1}{10}$ off the world indoor record (the event isn't run outdoors). Bush still said no. "And I was slacking off at the end," says McAlister.

"Can you believe that a man that big and powerful can run that fast?" says Bush. "I don't want to put him on the spot, but he could very well be the first man to win both a gold medal in the Olympics and the Heisman Trophy."

But for McAlister there were to be no medals or trophies against USC last weekend. Rodgers gave him Thursday off from practice, and he gave the whole team Friday off—for Mother's Day. Really. USC came in with Henry Hines, the NCAA indoor long-jump champion, and a lot of people who can run from one place to another very quickly. Last year UCLA won the dual meet 100-54, and under Bush had won three of the last five. Before that, USC had won 33 out of 33. "Don't think they aren't up for this one," said Bush.

"Relax, Coach," said John Smith, his AAAU quarter-mile champion. "Go home, have a nice dinner and take it easy."

The morning of the meet came in hot and clear, but was quickly obscured by varying shades of gray followed by a chilling wind. The first event was the long jump. Before it began, McAlister said his usual pre-meet prayer. "I pray everybody competing will do the best they are capable of," he said. "I know everyone comes in happy and I pray that everyone goes away happy."

"Even the guys from USC?"

"Everybody."

"Gosh," someone said, "don't tell Bush."

Hines jumped first. He fouled up his timing and ran through the pit. It was McAlister's turn. He stood at the end of the runway, his head down as though still in prayer, shaking his arms and legs. Then he began a rocking motion. "What I'm doing," he said, "is trying to isolate my muscles completely. The rocking starts by itself. I don't even know I'm doing it. Then I take a deep breath, make myself burl and take off."

His first leap was 23' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". He looked at the pit as though considering digging a hole and jumping in.

"I felt so good when I came here," he said sadly. "I really felt like jumping. I got my calves loose but I couldn't get my thighs loose. They're so tight from football. And the tension of the meet. I kept telling myself I've got to beat Hines. Then, on that first jump I'm halfway down the runway when I realize I'm only trotting. I say, 'Hey, stop!' But I keep on going. And I do 23 feet. Twenty-three feet! Lord, I could do that in junior high school. Until that moment I was high, really up. Then I went plof! Right down to zero."

On his second jump, McAlister man-

continued

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aged 25' 6", but that would be good only for third. On his fourth jump, Hines sailed 26' 8½", giving him both victory and the longest jump in the world this year. UCLA's Finn Bendixen finished second and, on a 5-3-1 scoring basis, USC led 5-4. It was a lead it would never give up.

USC won the meet 75-70, with the Trojans establishing 1971 "world bests" in four events, including the long jump. Willie Deckard in the 220 (20.2); Edsel Garrison in the 440 (45.4) and the 440-yard relay (39.3).

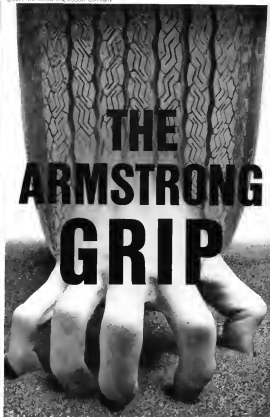
After the meet James Edward McAlister picked up his shoes and silently walked from the field. Later that night, at dinner with John Smith and two friends, McAlister said he was very grateful that no one had tried to stop him on his way to the locker. "I've been mad before," he said, "but I was never so mad as I was today. I was ready to smash somebody into the ground. Hey, John, I was looking in the paper and I saw where we had run in nine meets and they had only run in five. Do you think we're over our prime? Or under it? Or something?"

"Man, all we are is tired," said Smith.

"Yeah," said McAlister. "And psyched out. At least I was. That Hines, he's a superpsych. When I go out on the field I say 'Good luck' to everybody and that's it. But not him. He's got to get involved in some deep conversation. He says, 'Man, you can do 27-8 with no sweat.' He acts like my cheerleader but he psyches me. So I make a bad jump. Then he comes up and says, 'Hey, man, relax. Take your time. You can do it.' Wow! He blows my mind. So I foul. Then when he does his 26-8, I am out on the runway psyching myself up for a great jump. Then I hear the people in the stands yelling, 'Henry, what are you doing behind him?' I look around and he starts clapping his hands and saying, 'Come on, you can do it. It's easy. Go get it. Hey, man, is this your last jump?' Now *that* was a superpsych."

McAlister shook his head. "Today wasn't my day," he said. "A girl I know told me if I did 27 feet she'd have a surprise for me. Now I'll never find out what it was. But football practice ends in a week and a couple of weeks after that I'll have my legs back in shape. Twenty-seven feet, shoot! Maybe I'll just tell her to save it for me."

END



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A DOCTOR TRIES A TRANSPLANT

It was hardly a minor operation, importing the slam-bang sport of frontenis from Mexico, but Haart Surgeon Ted Diethrich is so keen on the game he has built a lavish backyard court **by THOMAS THOMPSON**

Fronton is neither a Chinese soup nor an exotic palm. It is instead the generic name of a sport, a follow-the-bouncing-ball-kind of sport, a stylish, whizzing, often mean and exhausting sport that steams the passions of millions of Latinos who pursue it. In the United States perhaps only two dozen people play the game, but, significantly, among them are several of the noted physicians and surgeons of Houston.

Centuries ago fronton was born, its exact roots buried in the romance of the Basque country, that mountainous region between France and Spain famed for smugglers and for such liberal use of garlic in stews that to eat one is to be noticed for at least seven days. It is said that a medieval Basque priest invented fronton by throwing a ball against the cobbledstoned wall of his church and when it bounced back at him he picked up a stick to intercept it and kept the volley going.

Out of that grew the elements of the game: a ball, a racket and a court—which is called a fronton—to replace the church wall. Walls tower 30 feet fore and aft and down one side of the fronton. The other side is left open, giving the court the look of an elongated prison yard that was not finished because of lack of funds.

Over the years numerous variations on the theme of ball and stick appeared, all played within the cloisters of the fronton. These include jai alai, paleta, mano (a cruel, gloveless and frankly misanthropic form of handball that hurts so much a player can attempt it only once each week), and frontenis.

Once the leisurely recreation of the aristocracy, frontenis dramatically changed when the common folk took it up in Mexico after World War II, making it as different as jumping in the pool

is from plunging off the cliffs of Acapulco. A new ball was developed of hard, hollow rubber that is about midway in size between a tennis ball and a handball and is possessed of more tricks than a bagful of jumping beans. A regulation tennis racket, loosely strung, is used to whack the devilish object against the front wall, followed by attempts to pick it up and fire it back as it ricochets against the side and rear walls.

The Mexicans are the sport's definitive players, traditionally its world champions. There are 4,000 frontons in Mexico City alone, and the country has at least a million and a half competitors.

In the U.S. there is only one frontenis court and only one avid, regular player—the fellow who owns the only court. The fact that the first, possibly annual, North American Fronton Sports Championships were held recently on American

soil, on three warm and pleasant days in Houston, is attributable to the zest of this court owner, a man who makes his considerable living poking around inside people's hearts.

Dr. Edward Diethrich is 35 according to his Texas driver's license, but he sometimes has to show it as a bar when he speaks one of the few Spanish words he knows, "Margarita." The kids in his neighborhood come around now and then and ask his wife if he can come out and play. Nonetheless, he is one of the nation's best heart surgeons, a man who has done successful heart transplants and a junior associate of the esteemed Dr. Michael DeBakey.

A passionate sportsman, Diethrich seizes each day and squeezes it tighter than a blood pressure cuff. He drives his Porsche on Houston's freeways as if they were the flats of Le Mans, plunges



ACTION In North American games finds host Diethrich (third from left) hitting overhead.

down the runs at Aspen as if the lifts were always about to close, and often has the score of whatever game is on the radio brought into his operating room at night during emergency cutting and sewing.

In 1965 Diethrich went to Mexico for a post-operative check of a prominent patient who had been to Houston for vascular surgery. Diethrich discovered that the patient, a former minister of finance, was not only well but playing frontenis. The surgeon was invited to try the game. "I decided on the spot that I had to build a fronton," he remembers. He returned to Houston and began looking for a house to buy, neglecting to tell his wife Gloria that the reason he required a spacious backyard was to build this three-sided play box.

The home purchased, there were problems with neighbors, some of whom threatened a lawsuit to forbid construction of the unsightly concrete block walls that would border directly on a tree-shaded lane of \$100,000-and-up homes. Diethrich pacified them with a poolside cocktail party and the soothing promise to add antique brick over the steel-reinforced walls. Privately, the doctor was told by his lawyer that the best way to

avoid trouble was "get the thing built quick—before a case could get on the docket." The walls shot up. Once the court was playable, Diethrich decided to add a few thousand dollars worth of extras—such as a fence to keep the expensive imported balls from getting loose in the neighborhood, AstroTurf on a slope for spectators, lights for night play, everything except a translucent dome. "I thought of that, too," he said.

For a year he played in what might be called a \$15,000 athletic isolation ward. Diethrich assumed he was probably the only frontenis enthusiast in America and for partners he enlisted heart surgeons and cardiologists who knew their way around squash and tennis courts. One visitor from the East found himself a fourth for doubles on a torrid August afternoon. After three hours of play, with the ball screaming by at speeds of 180 miles an hour, the visitor's body was decorated with bruises, his head ringing, his heart trying to leap out of his Chemise Lacoste. Begging for an intermission, he slumped to the AstroTurf. One of the heart doctors looked at him and said, not unkindly, "If you're going to have cardiac arrest, this is not an altogether bad place to have it."

Last year Diethrich discovered he was not alone in his maniacal enthusiasm for the game. There was, in fact, a United States Fronton Sports Association, which had almost as many members as the Bo Belinsky Clean Living Club. The membership was composed largely of the spiritual heirs of John O'Hara and Scott Fitzgerald, successful men in their 30s and 40s who commuted to Connecticut and attempted to keep their mid-dies shrunken of martini bulges by playing squash and handball.

The association, it turned out, had fielded a team for the Mexico Olympics, and never mind if the squad had lost every match by disastrous scores. The spectators had adored the Yanks. "They cheered and hollered 'Ole!' every time we got a serve back," remembers one member of the team, Dick Squires.

Last year the association was invited to send a team to Spain for the world fronton games. Ted Diethrich heard of the invitation and rang up Squires to inquire if he could try out. When the astonished Squires learned that somebody in Texas not only played the game and

knew the rules but actually owned a court, the surgeon became a valued member of the squad right then and there over long-distance.

In Spain, the Americans lost to everybody except the French. In a stunning upset, a U.S. doubles team beat the French national champions 30-20. It was the second most dramatic event of the tournament, the first being the tragedy of a Basque nationalist who drenched himself with gasoline and immolated himself on the fronton court in front of 3,000 spectators including Francisco Franco.

A few months ago, Diethrich proposed a challenge match—the U.S. against the world champion Mexicans to be held on the surgeon's home court. The last time a challenge quite that presumptuous was made was in 1836 when 187 Texans were killed at the Alamo—and look what happened then: Mexico eventually lost that war and the territory that would someday produce Ben Hogan and Lyndon B. Johnson.

The week before the event was to begin, Diethrich did 18 open-heart and blood-vessel operations. But his mind strayed often to frontenis. The afternoon the official games buttons arrived, he put them in the hospital autoclave for sterilization. Diethrich and some of his surgical associates pinned the buttons on their gowns and wore them into the operating room. Dr. DeBakey, it was noted, peered at the buttons quizzically, but asked no questions because there was a mitral valve to replace.

The North American Fronton Sports Championships opened in Diethrich's backyard with the unfurling of American and Mexican flags and the taped national anthems of each country. The members of each national team were introduced. The Mexicans were young, lithe, all champions of this World Cup or that Olympiad. They loomed strong and confident. The Americans, each of whom had at least 10 years and four inches around the waist over their opponents, had no titles in the sport to announce, but one 47-year-old member, it was explained, made the team because he was a Pepsi executive "and has access to the company plane."

The Mexicans eyed the only frontenis court in America somewhat apprehensively since it turned out to be only two

continued





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TRANSPLANT *continued*

thirds regulation length. "We will bump into each other," murmured one of the champions.

When the matches began, the Mexicans played with consummate and dazzling skill. They seemed to anticipate just where the maddening ball would bounce and were there, picking up screamers inches from the ground, leaping giant leaps into the air to stop balls headed for orbit, whacking shots with their backs turned, even flipping the ball through their legs. One rocketing shot slammed into the eye of American player Aaron Daniels and the Mexicans gallantly allowed him an hour's intermission to try to see again. "In world competition this would not be permitted," one of the Mexicans said. "You must keep playing, no matter what . . . but these are our friends."

On the second day, the Mexicans were down a whit. They were stricken with *torisito*—what gringos so frequently get when they go to Mexico. "We must not drink the water," one of the players suggested. The highlight of that day was a wildly cheered American effort that held the Mexicans to a 30-26 win in front-tens doubles. "It is fantastic," said Squares. "We never got within 14 or 15 points of these guys before." But that was as close as hope could climb. On the third day, Mexicans played Mexicans in the finals.

What, someone asked, did the Mexicans think of the Americans' method of playing? Jorge Loiza, a jockey-sized 26-year-old factory employee and holder of national, world and Olympic titles, looked down at the floor as he chewed on the question. He couched his reply diplomatically, choosing words like "verve" and "spirit" and "enthusiasm." But, he finally added, "They just don't have the technique . . . or the tricks."

Technique—and tricks—could come easily enough to any American who graduated from squash or tennis up to front-tens. It is a splendid sport to watch and to play, and there is only one reason why Americans cannot become respected competitors in the world fraternity of the game. Ted Diethrich is making a continuing contribution toward its solution. He is moving to Phoenix within the next few months to open the Arizona Heart Institute and already he has bought a site for a new house—with room, *naturalmente*, for America's second fronton court.

END

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At the Preakness 24 years ago Clem McCarthy made the most glaring mistake in sportscasting history, thus gaining notoriety as



THE MAN WHO BLEW A DERBY

by **BUD GREENSPAN**



DRAMATIC DELIVERY was McCarthy's hallmark, his rasping voice heightening the information, usually accurate, that he was reporting.

Clem McCarthy, who died in 1962 at the age of 79, is a big item in the current wave of nostalgia inundating the country. His famous, growling "R-r-r-racing fans" pops up on records and in imitations, and inevitably someone recalls the time Clem called the wrong horse the winner in a radio broadcast of the Kentucky Derby. McCarthy got a lot of flak about the incident in his later years, with perfect strangers accosting him and asking, "Hey, how come you called the wrong horse in the Derby?" McCarthy, a proud but genial man, would answer pleasantly, "First of all, it wasn't the Derby. And second, you can't lateral a racehorse."

It wasn't the Derby, of course. It was the Preakness, the one run 24 years ago this week. As for the line about lateralizing racehorses, that was McCarthy's gentle way of defending his professionalism. It was a reference to the peculiar broadcasting style of the late Harry Wismer, probably the most inept sports announcer of all times. When Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard were running wild for West Point a quarter of a century ago, Wismer's report of one Army play went something like this: "Army in the T. The ball goes to Davis. He cuts to his right, breaks into the secondary and he's away! He's to the 30, the 40, midfield, the 40, the 30, the 20, the 10 . . . and . . . Davis lateralizes to Blanchard who goes over for the touchdown!"



CONFUSION in the 1947 Preakness came on the last turn when the field disappeared behind the cross-draped starting gate (far left). When the horses reappeared later, Faultless had taken Jet Pilot's place outside On Trust. McCarthy assumed it was still Jet Pilot and misidentified the winner as he quothed On Trust in the stretch (below)



Blanchard had the ball the whole time, but Wisner had not realized it until Doc was in the end zone. Thus, the improvised lateral. After all, it was radio. Who could see? Except, as McCarthy would point out with a degree of professional pride, even on radio you can't lateral a horse.

Despite the Preakness goof and his slip in the 1950 Derby—when he called the winner Middleburg instead of Mideleground—McCarthy was a superb race caller and one of the best sportscasters. He was also a gentleman. Several years ago, when he was dying of Parkinson's disease, I began to put together an album called *The Best of Clem McCarthy*. The proceeds were to help pay his hospital expenses. One day I asked if he would mind if I used the Preakness thing. Without hesitation he smilingly agreed. "Maybe now I'll know what happened," he said.

McCarthy died before the record was finished, and we never talked about the incident at length. But in editing the album I listened to his broadcast over and over, and afterward a phrase in it kept nagging at me. At one point Clem said, "And the crowd blocks me for a moment."

This year I finally decided to check into it and see if it could be established where he went wrong. I transferred the recorded transcription of the radio broadcast from disc to tape, obtained a film of the race from Fox Movietone News and dug out the official chart. The broadcast



ISOLATED CAMERA, 1947 version, shows what happened on the horn. Jet Pilot (7) fell back, and Faultless came off the rail to move up.

continued

was put into synchronization with the film, making certain that Clem's "They're off!" hit a split second after the horses broke from the starting gate.

The result was eerie. It was like taking the event out of a time capsule. Obsessed now with the idea of finding how Clem had made his mistake, I went over the 119 seconds of the race frame by frame, word by word.

There were 11 horses in the Preakness that year, but only four mattered. They were Jet Pilot, Phalanx, Faultless and On Trust, who had finished one-two-three-four in the Kentucky Derby the week before and were to be the first four—in different order—this time. Phalanx, who had finished strongly in the Derby, was the betting favorite.

As the field moved into the first turn, McCarthy dutifully reported Jet Pilot on the lead, followed by King Bay, a long shot, and On Trust. Then, good reporter that he was, he said, "Now you want to know about Pha-

lanx. Well, he's next to last." It was obvious Clem was going to keep an eye on Phalanx throughout.

As the horses went down the backstretch, McCarthy accurately described On Trust's move as he surged past Jet Pilot to take a 2½-length lead. "King Bay is third," he intoned, "a-n-n-n-d Secnav is fourth. Cosmic Bomb is fifth, and on the outside is Faultless in sixth place. Phalanx is next to last and now moving, moving very fast on the outside of horses! He is now seventh and making his drive."

What is significant here is that while McCarthy correctly situated Faultless in sixth place, it was the only time he mentioned him until after the race was over. Part of the reason for this was the jumbling change of positions as the field moved onto the far turn. On Trust still led, with Jet Pilot second, but the long shots were falling back just as Faultless moved forward. McCarthy ignored the muddle to continue with the dramatic

rush of Phalanx. There was still plenty of time for him to review the field and find Faultless, who was now third, on the rail, but at this point it happened. McCarthy's voice: "A-n-n-n-d it is still On Trust heading for home but he's got his hands full . . . and the crowd blocks me for a moment."

The horses were suddenly out of sight. The starting gate had been pulled into the infield at the top of the stretch, and a mob of fans had climbed on top of it to get a better view. As a result, a solid mass of people was blotting out about 70 yards of the action on the far turn. Twenty-four years after the race the same problem arose. On my newsreel film the horses had disappeared.

Unlike McCarthy, I got lucky. Fox, asked if there were any additional film that had not been used in the newsreel, sent over a small roll of "outtakes." The outtakes included shots from a camera position at the head of the stretch; in effect, they amounted

continued

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to a 1947 version of today's isolated camera. The films clearly showed the action that took place on the far turn when Clem's view was blocked.

Jet Pilot, whose jockey was wearing reddish silks, was beginning to bear out. As he did, Faultless, also in red, moved out from the rail and into the spot Jet Pilot vacated. Just as this switch began to happen, when McCarthy's eye was flicking from On Trust to Phalanx, who was beginning to slow down, the horses passed from view. When they reappeared again at the top of the stretch, Faultless was in almost the precise position next to the leading On Trust that Jet Pilot had been in before.

The changeover took place in seconds (48 frames of 16-mm film). McCarthy's narration was contentious, with only the barest miss of a beat. "And it is still On Trust heading for home, but he's got his hands full . . . and the crowd blocks me for a moment . . . and when they come out of there Jet Pilot is head and head with him."

Jet Pilot was all through by now, fading to a fourth-place finish five lengths behind the winner. But Clem went on: "On Trust is still there, but Jet Pilot is coming at him like a game horse. Jet Pilot has got him, Jet Pilot a neck. Jet Pilot a half a length. Jet Pilot by a length! On Trust second by three. Phalanx is third. And in fourth place. . . ."

There was a stunned three-second pause on the tape.

Then "What am I talking about? Ladies and gentlemen, I've made a terrific mistake. I've mixed my horses. I've given you the winner as Jet Pilot, and it is Faultless. Just at what point I was looking at Phalanx and Jet Pilot disappeared on me I don't know. The winner of the race is Faultless." Another brief pause and, briskly, he went on, "All right, we messed, we struck out. Well, Babe Ruth struck out, so I might just as well get in famous company."

Which he did, and no one ever let him forget it. But it was only the wildest blend of bad luck—the similar colors, the promising move by Phalanx, the sudden shifting of positions, the momentary disappearance of the horses—that gave so many people the chance to brand Clem McCarthy forever as "the man who called the Kentucky Derby wrong." And they couldn't even name the right race.

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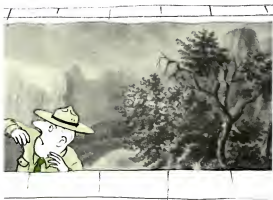
HERE HE IS, RANGER— AND HE'S ALL YOURS

Woods and wildlife officials duck, or would like to, when parents seek to give their offspring a cool and meaningful experience—summer employment in the virgin forests

by **BIL GILBERT**

Last summer I packed up my family (or more precisely gave my wife some useful packing instruction) and moved from Pennsylvania to Arizona. My plan was to spend a year in the mountain wilderness, north of the Mexico border, studying the life-style of a kind of tropical raccoon, the *costumundi*. To help with the fieldwork, I drafted my teenage son and two of his high school friends.

There is a popular theory that the good life is not to be found these days in a split-level but in a pup tent on the forest floor. This is the woods-is-good syndrome. For months before leaving, I was besieged by friends, neighbors and acquaintances who wanted their sons to be accepted for enrollment in my Boondock U. The boys, as much in favor of the idea as their parents, were somewhat



of a type, shaggy youths who thought it would be cool to drop out of Eastern schools and Eastern homes in order to Wild West it about the mountains for a year. The parents included a naval officer, a public accountant, a scientific instrument distributor, a high school principal, two editors and an antique dealer. The parents were both more voracious and more articulate than the boys. Their presentations were brilliant examples of exhortative discourse and social blackmail, but nearly all boiled down to three points: 1) the parents were concerned about how to keep their sons occupied and out of trouble; 2) they were certain that a year spent in the Arizona wilds by the latter would give the former temporary peace of mind, at least; 3) they hoped that the experience would make men out of their boys, i.e., make

them forget about the Grateful Dead, easy riding and unacceptable kinds of dope. Perhaps it would set sons to thinking about naval capesincies, antique dealerships, high school principalships, etc.

There is a belief in the almost magical therapeutic value of exposing young males to the wilderness. Faith in this formula is general and deep-rooted. Anyone who might conceivably be in the market for youthful outdoor labor is thoroughly familiar with the situation.

Each year thousands of high school- and college-age boys appeal, by mail and in person, to state and federal parks agencies and forest and wildlife services, seeking temporary jobs, no matter how menial. More inventive youths with similar ambitions hound biologists, geologists, archaeologists and outfitters. Parents use whatever political, economic and

social influence they have in an effort to help sons land such jobs. Often the boys and especially their parents are not concerned with how well, or even if, the jobs pay. A good many of the currently fashionable Outward Bound, survival, tough-it-out schools and camps are kept afloat by well-heeled parents who have been unable to wangle legitimate woods jobs for their kids. Fathers are willing to pay somebody to simulate wilderness trials and tribulations. What they appear to want—the parents openly, and the sons more covertly—is to get the boys enrolled in a sort of super self-improvement course that according to our folk wisdom is offered the year around in rare and righteous corners of the American bush.

None of this is new. In fact, a good bit of the country was explored by young bucks who were pocked off from European castles and universities by families to find, if not fame and fortune, at least themselves in the howling wilderness of the Western world. One of the many dispatched for this purpose was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a half brother of Walter Raleigh. After dropping out of Oxford, he tarried long enough to establish his own line and then shipped out to America. There, in 1583, while attempting to find either the Northwest Passage or the site of Buffalo, N.Y. (the chronicles are unclear), he became confused and disappeared without trace. Nevertheless, we Gilberts are proud of him. The Hump may not have been much of an explorer but he was one of the founders and first victims of an important and lasting institution, Boondock U., which in its time has served many prominent folks and enrolled such diverse students as Horace Greeley, Theodore Roosevelt and the Kennedys.

As the personnel offices of any woods or wildlife agency can testify, the public still rates this institution highly. Unfortunately, it is now considerably more difficult to matriculate at Boondock U than it once was. Getting a bona fide, if temporary, woods job is about as difficult and competitive these days as landing an appointment to one of the service academies once was. The harsh economic fact of the wilderness business, that the agencies have little money to

continued

spend on youthful employment, is not the only reason for this. Most woods bosses have a preference for what might delicately be called the more mature hired hand. Perhaps this is an example of generation-gap injustice.

The Bounding Main is not the woods, but for educational purposes it is regarded as much the same thing and almost as good. The publicity Jacques Cousteau has received lately has made the Two-Years-Before-the-Mast Course one of Boondock U's most popular. It is hard nowadays to throw an anchor without hitting some kid (and his old man) wanting to be taken on as an apprentice marine explorer. Recently I have been turning over requests for such appointments to a man who may be called Ivor. One such letter came from an acquaintance who is an advertising executive. It read in part:

"Despite his difficulties with the bomb and narcotic squads which you may have read about (a society that hates its young

is in real trouble), we are quite proud of Kevin. He seems to be dealing successfully with his alienation. For the past several months he has had his heart set on exploring the Great Barrier Reef. Doty and I are very enthusiastic about this, particularly since it is Kev's own idea. We are counting on you to make arrangements for him to join the next group leaving for that area. I am sure Kevin would make a valuable addition to any party. His biology grades are up this quarter, he holds a senior life-saving certificate and is very interested in organic foods. Naturally he would expect to work in as a junior member and would be willing to do any sort of work. Swabbing decks, for that matter. The salary is not important. . . ."

Heartlessly, I suggested Kevin and his father write directly to Ivor. After politely telling them that it was a poor year for Great Barrier Reef expeditions, Ivor wrote to me, sourly but pertinently: "They all want to swab decks. Is that

some new sort of a password? As you well know, anyone who has enough money to splurge on a deck swabber wants a professional. Old, dried-out winos are scarce but good. They keep things clean and their mouths shut. The two kids I have been exposed to (both sons of trustees, you dig?) were indifferent swabbers. They were more interested in fighting sharks bare-handed and lecturing us on the Selective Service system."

Men like Ivor are generally looking for mute, mental laborers. Most of the kids, despite their protestations about being willing to do anything, are looking for adventure, moments of truth and sharks of one sort or another with which to duel. At the moment the inland equivalent of shark fighting is scaling difficult mountains and shooting white-water rapids. There is nothing wrong with this; youths are meant to be high-spirited, but there are few people who need to pay kids to do these things for them. A park superintendent who wants a boy for chow-hall KP is not likely to consider the ability to do Eskimo rolls in the pot sink or rappel down the grease trap as necessary, or even desirable, skills.

Also, as Ivor indicated, the kids who actually end up with woods jobs are, in addition to having more than average pull, apt to be very bright and talkative and mentally as well as physically venturesome. Stimulating conversation and sophisticated disputation can be as refreshing in the wilderness as elsewhere. However, there are a lot of places and times when this sort of entertainment does not appeal. A mammalogist I know who is studying the food habits of the Arctic lemming admires, above everything else in an assistant, the ability to lay a symmetrical grid of 500 mouse-traps and the temperament to work day after day in the bugs and bogs gutting ripe lemming carcasses. My friend is not particularly interested in an assistant who can feed back to him large, intellectually undigested chunks of *The Naked Ape* or the territorial fancies of Mr. Port Ardrey. A Swarthmore sophomore may have wider ethological interests than an alcoholic, unemployed trapper, but the latter is likely to be handier with a mousetrap and less finicky about getting decaying mouse tripe under his finger nails.

Because they have such romantic notions about woods work, kids who end up with some of the jobs often suffer se-

continued





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rious morale problems when they discover they have been hired to do things that are as hard, repetitious and dull as anything that goes on in a school, office or factory. For instance, sheer, unadulterated, corroding monotony is a formidable occupational hazard of being a fire-tower lookout, a job that from a distance seems to offer great chances for young Wethers who want to master the guitar, write manifestos and commune undisturbed with their souls or navels.

"The best fire watchers," says a U.S. forest ranger who has three towers in his district, "are those old prospectors who have been living back in the canyons since before the flood. They have been alone so long that they do not need anyone to talk to. Even radios make them nervous. They just sit there and watch and think about whatever prospectors think about. The kids are sharp in the beginning but they get flaky pretty quick. When you stop by a tower where you have a kid, it is hard to get away from him in the same day. He wants to tell you everything he has thought about since his last relief—how to get out of Vietnam, what to do about pollution, his retirement plans, about the girls he knows and the ones he wishes he knew.

"We had an awful time last summer. A couple of schoolteachers came painting into a campground all scratched up. They said a wild man had chased them off the mountain. All it was was the kid we had in the tower. He had made a vest out of string by tying square knots, hundreds of them. He saw these two old girls down on a trail and went crashing through the cat's-claw after them. He just wanted to show them the vest and talk. The trouble is there are a lot more kids with VIP connections than there are out-of-work prospectors."

As the ranger hints, another reason prospective employers, particularly government ones, are leery of youths is that they are afraid of them or at least of their patrons. Any GS-11 land manager is going to be more comfortable with the average prospector than he is with a college undergraduate in whose file there is a letter that reads: "I am happy to recommend Peter Pull whose father, Conrad J. Pull, is an old and valued friend. I have assured Mr. Pull that you will make every effort to accommodate his son. Yours Menacingly, Senator Horace Hightower Hack."

In truth, for every unpleasant incident involving boys in the woods, there are dozens of pleasant ones, examples of woodsmen who have hit it off famously with kids and of kids who have, as they are supposed to, done well in the woods. My experience this year is happily a case in point.

My son Ky's place on my field staff was assured, one of the strong secondary reasons for the expedition being to make a man of him. Ky and his friend Terry, two 17-year-olds who should have been high school juniors this year, made the trip West with me by Volkswagen. John, 19, who gave up life as a college freshman, joined us a few weeks later, motorcycling in from Delaware.

In the beginning there were certain adjustment problems. We had our own shark-lighting situation. There are numerous caves in the mountain range where we sought the coatis. A wandering tribe of the animals will often den up in one of these caves, but almost always in a small one. For obvious reasons, a cave with a mountain lion-sized opening does not appeal to the coati elders who determine where the tribe will sleep. The boys, however, were more interested in the big caverns, which they would pop into at the drop of a carbide lamp. These offered splendid chances for spelunking.

Initially, there were also hierarchical differences of opinion. If it became necessary for two of us to climb 3,000 feet up into a canyon, one carrying binoculars and looking about for coatis, the other lugging a 40-pound live trap and watching his feet, I assigned myself the former job. I did not consider that this was discrimination so much as it was obedience to physical law (by nature 17-year-olds are better equipped to carry heavy loads up mountainsides than are 43-year-olds) and sound management principle.

During the first month or so, the boys were handicapped because they had nothing to sustain themselves except a few vague notions concerning the glamour of the Western wilderness and certain Disneyesque, Frank Buckish misconceptions regarding the pursuit of wild beasts. Being bright, curious and sensitive they shortly began to understand and become increasingly enthusiastic about our real prospects—trying to find and penetrate unobtrusively the exotic life of the coatis. By Christmas the boys were better coati watchers and much better field companions than any winos,

prospectors or commercial trappers with whom I, at least, am acquainted.

Perhaps the best thing about youth is youth. Put under very light rein, exuberance, freshness and especially vitality are exceedingly valuable commodities in this kind of work. After we located the coatis and developed certain techniques for staying with them, we would sometimes remain in the mountains three weeks at a stretch. What with the necessary camp work and recording of notes at night by lantern light, our days were often long, 12- or 14-hour ones. In the real world the boys had regarded six hours of classes or an eight-hour job as intolerable but in the mountains they seemed to thrive on double shifts.

One windy, snowy morning John and I got out of our sleeping bags well before dawn in order to set up cameras in front of a cave entrance where we knew a tribe had spent the night. In due time the animals emerged, we photographed them and tried to follow them for the next 12 hours as they foraged through the rough mountains. "It has been a long day," I mumbled to John as I sat numb with fatigue by the fire that night.

"It's been cool," John corrected. "Wouldn't it be great if you could do this all your life?"

One of the coolest, most striking memories, an interior snapshot that I shall keep from this year, has to do with John. He is a tall, very slender, long-legged boy, once a scholastic miler, and in the mountains he wore his black, shoulder-length hair tied back with a bandana, Navajo-fashion. Late one winter afternoon, when the thin Arizona air was so clear that it gave the illusion of magnifying, I watched from an outcropping while John followed a coati tribe on the mountain above. At first the animals were foraging in an oak thicket, along the edge of which John glided, downwind. Above the thicket was a mountain spur, almost treeless, covered with curly highland grass which in the winter turns golden. The coatis reached the edge of this highland prairie and then began to run across it, toward the ridge top.

Coatis are not great sprinters but they have a rolling, loping gait that cuts up the ground and they are also extremely surefooted in rough terrain. There no longer being any point in deception, and not wanting to lose the animals when they passed over the ridge, John, too,

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HE'S ALL YOURS *continued*

stretched out. He began to run hard, turning in, it appeared to me, about a 60-second quarter as he approached the summit. For a moment he was visible on the crest. He was in full stride, in profile, the golden grass below, the blue-black cloudless Arizona sky above, long legs stretched, long black hair streaming behind him. It was a nice thing to see.

Each of the boys developed specialties. John became, by day, our photographer, and at night, with his guitar, our entertainer. Terry turned into an efficient and enthusiastic camp-keeper and cook. He now can lay a fire on a ledge on a finger-numbing morning and make breakfast for four in such a way that the eggs, hash and coffee are all ready at the same time. It may not sound like much, but running a good camp is a skill that verges on an art.

All the boys became competent observers and note-takers, but Ky proved to be the best at this. Knowing what one has seen, while resisting the impulse to see what one would like to see or thinks he should see, is again something that sounds simpler than it is.

The chances are remote that the boys will be able to spend the rest of their lives watching coats in the wilderness or, for that matter, will ever have another year similar to this one. Therefore, it could be argued that becoming good coat students is of not much more practical value than developing a good Par-chesi game. However, it seems to me that it definitely should be different. You cannot be any kind of a coat chaser, fire watcher, smoke jumper or trail crewman without learning certain things: about ingenuity, endurance and discipline; about your body, mind and passions; about the workings of the world. These are mainly arts and virtues that should be negotiable instruments in many places other than these mountains.

All of which is another way of saying what any descendant of Humphrey Gilbert is almost bound to say: that the woods are good, that in this case folk-wisdom is real wisdom. How this antique self-improvement course can be made more generally available is a matter worthy of general attention, as important as constructing rustic toilets in parks and forests.

As for myself, I am busy looking around for a crew to paddle canoes north from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean next summer.

END

Half of Voit's advisory staff just became NBA Co-Rookies of the Year.



Geoff Petrie, Portland Trail Blazers



Dave Cowens, Boston Celtics

Usually, the NBA picks one Rookie of the Year. Except for this year.

Geoff Petrie and Dave Cowens were both selected Rookie of the Year. An NBA first. When it comes to developing and perfecting our basketballs we go to Geoff and Dave, Willis Reed and Lou Hudson.

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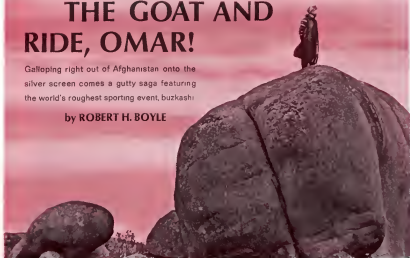
Geoff and Dave are a couple of the reasons we feel this way.

AMF VOIT

GRAB THE GOAT AND RIDE, OMAR!

Galloping right out of Afghanistan onto the silver screen comes a gutty saga featuring the world's roughest sporting event, buzkashi

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



The spirit of Genghis Khan—accourge of Asia and hope of Hollywood—is not dead. It is alive and throbbing on the great steppes of northern Afghanistan where descendants of his Mongol cavalrymen play a game known as buzkashi, which is a cross between dirty polo and open rioting. In all likelihood the game is the most brutal and violent in the world. Certainly Columbia Pictures believes so; the company has just spent \$4.5 million producing a flick about it entitled *The Horsemen*. Instead of whacking a ball around, the riders fight over the sand-stuffed, 120-pound carcass of a goat. Perhaps the riders, called chapandaz, are becoming civilized; in the old days of the great Genghis they used to fling a live prisoner around.

The rules of the game and the plot of the movie are simple enough. About 80 chapandaz, divided into two or three teams, assemble on a grassy field about the size of the state of Illinois. After trumpets blare, the goat carcass is thrown down on the ground in front of them. The riders all jockey for position, and finally one of them crazy enough to grab it snatches it up and attempts to make off around two distant flagpoles and then to a circled goal. An Afghan will do anything to get another Afghan's goat.

A chapandaz is permitted to slam into a rider with

his horse, he is encouraged to smack a fellow chapandaz across the face with a whip loaded with lead, jam a knee in the groin, thrust an elbow in the belly or stick a mess of fingers into an eye. The horseman with the carcass is fair game for all-out assault, particularly since he can't fight back with his hands, which are occupied holding on to the goat. In fact he's so busy clutching the goat he can't even grab the reins of his horse, which makes for some exciting accidents, to say nothing of cinematography. The chapandaz are so eager to seize the goat that they often go dashing into the ranks of the crowd, which is all part of the fun of the game except for the king of Afghanistan, who customarily watches a royal buzkashi from behind a protective ditch.

Buzkashi has seldom been photographed, and the pictures on these pages were taken by Photographer Bob Willoughby during the filming of the movie, scheduled for release this June, which is now being hailed as Columbia's top picture of the year.

Director John Frankenheimer is big on sports and games. He is proud of two films, *The Gypsy Moths*, about skydivers, and *Grand Prix*, which dealt with auto racing. "Many of my films present man at his limit," he says, "and I think sports do this terribly well."



To film *The Horsemen*, Frankenheimer and company journeyed to Afghanistan, which is still mostly in the 12th century. "It's the most beautiful place I've ever seen," he says. "We didn't have to look for any locations, they were all there." The picture was the first ever made in the country, and the government was extremely cooperative. Frankenheimer enlisted the top chapanbaz from the steppes, no trouble since he hired in the summer off season, and brought in his own stars, Jack Palance and Omar Sharif. Palance is sort of off to the side of the action. He portrays the elderly and bitter Tursen, master of the horse and the leading scorer of his day, a kind of sour Mickey Mantle retired in obscurity to an Oklahoma hamburger stand. In dramatic contrast there is his son Uraz, a brilliant rider, the new star of the steppes. Palance is jealous as hell, and he secretly prays his cocky kid comes a cropper in Kabul. As a Columbia press release puts it, "There is a timeless generation gap."

Artistic license aside, Sharif was made for the role of Uraz. Born Michael Shalhoub, an Egyptian Roman Catholic, he began riding at four years of age on tourist horses trotting around the pyramids. In his 20s he made it big in Middle Easterns after landing the role of leading man to Faten Hamama, the Shirley Temple

of the Arab world, whom he later married after turning Moslem. Now well fixed in the manner of a mod Turhan Bey, Sharif spends his leisure time playing first-class bridge and buying promising thoroughbreds. His main hopes, aside from movies, rest on a European-bred filly named Pink Pearl. "I paid over \$100,000 for her, and she is really gorgeous," Sharif says. "The stable is much more important to me than cards because it means a lot more money. Bridge doesn't cost me any money."

Sharif had a notion that the role of Uraz was going to be rough on his backside, and when he went on location in Afghanistan he brought along an American masseur to attend to prospective bruises. He was right. "After two days I had sore muscles in my back, in my arms—everywhere," Sharif says. "I was sore because I wasn't in good training. The Afghans were very good about teaching me the buzkashi. They were rather attracted to me because they thought of me as a Moslem and spoke Arabic to me. I was not an infidel in their eyes, which made me a sort of protégé. They really wanted me to be good at the game."

Besides toting along a masseur, Sharif had the foresight to show up a month before the cameras started rolling. He needed the practice. "The horses used for

continued



RIDE, OMAR! *continued*

the game are trained to run in a straight line forever or until they drop," he says. "Instead of regular bits, they have just a piece of iron in their mouths. In order to turn them you have to hit them in the neck, and to stop them you have to saw at their mouths."

In order to film the buzkashi and the clashing chapandaz from above, Frankenheimer brought a helicopter to Afghanistan. At first he feared the whirlybird would spook the horses, but instead it rattled the chapandaz. When they calmed down, Frankenheimer faced the task of stopping them from maiming Sharif. "Take Habib," Frankenheimer says of one massive rider. "This guy's a real monster. He's killed people! He plays Maq-sud the Terrible." Given sweet talk, Maq-sud the Terrible turned out to be a very tractable chapandaz, doing just what was needed for the film. Ordinarily a team of chapandaz will play buzkashi two or three times a week, but to get the needed footage of film, Frankenheimer had them play every day for 30 straight days. It was so hot and dusty the buzkashis had to take place at dawn or in the late afternoon, and at the end of a day's shooting calling roll for the cast was like compiling a casualty list. "Guys were being taken

to the hospital all the time with broken legs, broken arms and concussions," Frankenheimer says. "The thing that saved me was a Polaroid camera. With that I could get them to do what I wanted. In a buzkashi they'll change horses if they have to. A chapandaz would go from a white horse to a black horse, and I'd say, 'You can't do that, because it would spoil the scene.' They loved having their pictures taken with the Polaroid, and so I'd say to one of them, 'You have to get back on the white horse again, otherwise no Polaroid today.' We ran out of Polaroid film halfway, and I had to have an emergency shipment sent in."

Sharif performed well on horseback, but on occasion a chapandaz who resembled him would be called in for an especially tricky bit, Frankenheimer says. "Up until this film I had never asked an actor to do what I wouldn't do. Of course Burt Lancaster has done some fantastic things, but then he was trained as an acrobat. But in this film I wouldn't do what Sharif did for me. He is a man who approaches his work professionally prepared, and he is a very brave man. He had to be able to hang on to the side of a horse with 50 horses right behind him. It's one thing for an actor to fall off a horse accidentally, but it's another thing for an actor to know that if



That's Good Guy Omar Sharif (on a white horse, naturally) who does his own riding in "The Horsemen," supervised by Director John Frankenheimer (above), enlivened by mean Jack Palance (below)—and starring a gang of honest-to-goodness tribesmen



he did he'd get trampled by 50 horses behind him."

Of his part as Uraz, Sharif says, "I did almost all my own riding, and I'm rather proud of it. I think I did some good things on a horse. I think the chapandaz were not too rough on me because they knew I was an actor, and they are quite sensitive people, really. Directors are supposed to prefer stunt men, but since this film is really about the game and the riders it was important that you see it well. Frankenheimer wanted everything to be close up because it makes it more exciting when you see the rider, the horses, everything, close up, which you cannot do with a stunt man."

Because of problems of logistics, not all of the film was shot in Afghanistan. About a third of it was taken on a plain in Spain. In Kabul no Afghan had the temerity to play the king at the royal buzkashi, but in Spain Frankenheimer found an eager Spaniard who looked startlingly like the real-life king, Mohammed Zahir Shah. To keep continuity, the director even had a dozen chapandaz flown to Spain from Afghanistan. "They'd never been on a plane before," he says, "and Mecca was in the opposite direction. For a while they kept facing New York, and I thought that's pretty good, because New York is where the money is. They hated the food in Spain, and so they cooked their

own. Once I took them to a restaurant for dinner, and for 12 of them I ordered 80 trout, 30 chickens and five cases of Coca-Cola. They love Coca-Cola. Being Moslems, they don't drink alcohol. For dessert they ate seven watermelons."

In retrospect, Frankenheimer regards the chapandaz as "the toughest, strongest men I have ever seen. I would take a team of 11 chapandaz and put them against the Baltimore Colts. I would show them the goal line and tell them they had just four tries to get the ball across."

Indeed, Frankenheimer has become so hipped on the chapandaz that he has discussed bringing them over to the U.S. to hold buzkashis in places like the Astrodome. Impresario Sol Hurok is interested. Maybe *The Horsemen* will prompt the start of an American chapandaz championship, with Pete Rozelle as commissioner. Frankenheimer is never sure what results his films may have. Shortly after he finished *Seven Days in May*, an account of Army generals seizing the White House, he was asked to send a print of the film to a general who was a friend of a friend in South America. Frankenheimer did so, and after studying the putsch in the movie the general overthrew the Brazilian government.

END



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

★ Sporting Stomachs: big

Here is **Mario Sajdak** of Chicago about to consume 36 oysters, liberally sprinkled with clams, 12 crabs, a tureen of vegetable soup, six broiled lobsters, a salad for four—also four servings of green beans almondine, broccoli with asparagus and artichokes—plus an 18-ounce sirloin steak garnished with three double lamb chops and 18 French pastries. All this is billed at Diamond Jim's Restaurant as "Diamond Jim's Dinner" for \$130. Sajdak's tab, however, worked out to plus-\$1,370, because he won \$1,500 on a bet that he couldn't eat it all.



Sporting Stomachs: small

Baltimore Police Commissioner **Donald Pomerleau** has a shape-up list. After a look at departmental waistlines, Pomerleau ordered copies of the famed grapefruit diet mimeographed and distributed. By the hundreds. The department's P.R. man, **Dennis Hill**, says golf-playing, ex-Marine Pomerleau "is not trying to intimidate anyone. He tried the diet, found that it worked and wanted to share it." He's all heart, that Pomerleau, all heart. No belly.

Sporting Stomachs: cast iron

Well, sure, it's frustrating to enter the annual fraternity Tosted Hop at Arizona State and then have your entry refuse to hop. But that's the last time **Captain Nemo** will cross his owner, **Tim Hoban**, a mean middle guard on the football team. When Nemo (a frog, not a toad, by the way) would not jump, not even a little bit, Hoban simply pulled him out of the lineup. And ate him. Alive.

There they are, at 33,000 feet, and Eastern Airlines' **Captain Herbert (Smoke) Stover** is making **First Officer Tom Zinn**. "Do you hear that thumping?" Zinn hears it. They check the instru-

ments. Everything normal. But thump, thump, thump. Is the landing gear shaking loose? Has an access door sprung open? Is the tail fluttering? Nope. They execute a neat, if sweaty-palmed landing. Then a stewardess tells them about their goofy passenger: "This guy locked himself in the lavatory," she says, "and jugged for 20 minutes in there!"

Meanwhile, things are just as strange at sea as in the air. **Abe Baum** of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., has borrowed a 24-foot Aquasport from a friend who owns a marina, and here is Abe now in the Fort Lauderdale Billfish Tournament, hooked into a 127-pound broadbill swordfish. But as Abe fights the fish, the captain of the Aquasport happens to notice that the boat is filling with water. He calls for help, whispering over the radio so as not to disturb Abe's concentration. Another boat eases alongside, and Abe—in water up to his knees by now—switches boats, never letting go of the rod, never missing a crank of the reel. Hurrah! Abe boats the broadbill and Abe wins first prize! And his friend, who was

hoping for a little free publicity for his marina, gets it! Well, actually, that part of the story is sort of too bad.

And speaking of boating, those three guys paddling a canoe down the Potomac during the recent confusion in Washington were not protesters. They were Congressmen **Walter Flowers** (D., Ala.), **Lawrence Coughlin** (R., Pa.) and **Bob Mathias** (R., Calif. and FODC—former Olympic decathlon champion). It was a great idea, except that the police got a little uptight about the sign on the canoe, the one saying "Cannon or Bust." Flowers, Coughlin and Mathias had to explain that the former meant the Cannon House Office Building, to prevent the police from doing the latter.

Clay Earles, owner of the Martinsville (Va.) Speedway, long ago quit awarding trophies to winning stock car drivers. He gives them beautiful grandfather clocks instead. And **Richard Petty**'s latest Virginia 500 victory means that he now has 10 of them. "Would you believe a grandfather clock in the bathroom?" Petty asks.

In Huntington, England thieves broke into the **John Bigg** home and stole a bunch of silver. They didn't get the gold, though—the Grand National Trophy that Bigg's horse **Oxus** won back in 1959. They didn't get it because, Mrs. B. has been quoted as explaining, "My husband is so proud of the trophy that he takes it to bed with him."

For years midshipmen at the Naval Academy have been slowing war paint on their statue of Shawnee warrior **Tecumseh** for luck before the annual Army game—and now it turns out the statue is not of Tecumseh at all. It's really **Tamanend**, who is supposed to have brought corn to

his people, invented the canoe and signed the treaty with **William Penn**—an Indian so peaceful he was known to the colonists as **St. Tamanend**. A good guy, obviously, but no wonder Navy's record against Army hasn't been too hot lately.

Also over in England **George Addy**, a 53-year-old grandfather, lost this bicycle race. Because he was creaky and infirm? No. Because he overtook a police car engaged in overtaking a milk van and shouted as he approached, "Get a move on!" The police took him out of the race to discuss it all.

♦ This is a Watchbird wishing **Jack Nicklaus**. This is a Watchbird watching **Jack Nicklaus** on the seventh hole in the last round of the Tournament of Champions at La Costa, Calif. Will **Jack Nicklaus** birdie this hole? Will he eagle? Will someone get this Watchbird the hell off the course so we can find out?



Ted's (sob) hitless ballgame

The Washington Senators have a book to play by and oh! so many problems—like a Floodless outfield and a trade coming up Short

After the Flood, Nôah still had two of everything. After the emigration of Curt Flood and even after the trading away last week of longtime enigma Mike Epstein, Manager Ted Williams of the Washington Senators still has one of nearly everything. In the way of rare names he has a *Grazzda*, a *Sorce*, a *Harruh*, a *Riddleberger*, a *Toswilling*, a *Cavanova* and a *Don (Bird Thou Never) Wert*. In the way of out-of-the-way personalities he has a *Denny McLain*, a *Joe Foy*, and of course a *Bob Short*, the team's owner, who collects unusual ballplayers the way rich men used to assemble private menageries and who puffed off another of his parently cur-

rious trades last Friday. He sent the young left-handed power hitting First Baseman Epstein and ace left-handed Reliever Darold Knowles to Oakland for the aging left-handed power-hitting First Baseman Don Murcher, unheralded left-handed Reliever Paul Lindblad, reserve Catcher Frank Fernandez and "more than \$75,000."

About the only thing Williams did not have last week, as his new book *The Science of Hitting* began to make its way into bookstores, was somebody who could hit. In the depths of its slump, Washington had seven nonpitchers hitting no better than .200. In home runs the team was struggling to keep up with Wil-

lie Stargell and Hank Aaron. When traded, Epstein had one homer and 31 strikeouts. Cleanup man Frank Howard had only three homers. During the period from April 26 to May 5 the Senators went nine games without getting more than six hits in any one of them. That string, along with a six-game losing streak, came to an end last Friday night when the Senators rallied for four runs with two out in the ninth against the Twins and won 6-5. It was hardly a textbook offensive. It included a dropped fly ball, two hits that should have been outs, two walks and two wild pitches.

Williams was not available for comment after this display of fireworks, having departed under cover of his standing 15-minute postgame ban on writers in the clubhouse—during which time Short and Williams yelled at each other but not, both said later, over the question of the just-consummated trade with Oakland. Williams has never liked Epstein's attitude, he wanted a third catcher. Short needed the money, perhaps to

continued

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pay the bill for the red-white-and-blue shoes he bought the team this spring (which they have not been wearing in games because, says Williams, about half of them don't fit), and the Senators had concluded that Knowles had lost something on his fastball and was rapidly declining in value.

At any rate trades—even Short's trades, which are always assumed peculiar by observers until proven otherwise—are not Williams' favorite topic of conversation. Before the game Friday the subject Williams warned to most was the one that might have seemed the most sensitive: what was wrong with the Senators' hitting.

"It's the cold spring," said Williams, who is sounding more like John Wayne every day. "Cold weather is bad for hitters. And they're not digging in. They're not thinking about what the pitcher's going to throw—a guy gets you out on a curve in the third, a curve in the sixth, a curve again in the ninth. Look there in the cage—look at his front hip! In my book it says what you do with your hips is important. Here, look at my front hip. Here's what I do, I cock it, see? I tell 'em and I tell 'em. Cock it. But you can't grab 'em and move 'em through it and say 'Do this, do this, do this.'"

Nor can one be heavy-handed with "problem" players. Flood's movements since he headed for Spain have been reported only by Columnist Leonard Lyons, who divulged that Yul Brynner had called Flood in Madrid to offer him a role in a Spanish Western. Williams says equally, "Nobody knows where Flood is." McLain and Williams seem to get along in a man-to-man way. Last Friday when Williams held a 10:45 a.m. batting workout, McLain was reportedly instrumental in a mild players' protest—they all made their own ways to the park, and the team bus contained only coaches. Williams and Minnesota's Rich Reese were comparing notes behind the batting cage that night, and McLain walked by and waved his finger at Williams. "We're just talking about pitchers, not hitting," said Williams a little guiltily. "But you're right, Denny, I shouldn't help this guy." Joe Foy came by. Last year as a Met, Foy left Gil Hodges fit to be tied. Foy kidded Williams that if he didn't get to play the next day, "I'll go to Spain."

"I'll go with you," shouted Williams. "We'll watch the bullfights."

THE WEEK

AL EAST Boston was still on top, and sounding a bit smug. After benefiting from a clutch of White Sox errors, the Red Sox pointed out mildly that Doug Griffin, their rookie second baseman, had made one error so far in 1971. Mike Andrews, the second baseman they sent to Chicago, had made seven. Meanwhile (BALTIMORE) Manager Earl Weaver, who has started wearing eyeglasses, reinstalled his team's kangaroo court. The Orioles were dragging early last year until Weaver declared the court in session. He has decided more legal measures are in order. At the first of this year DETROIT Manager Billy Martin was bemoaning "Oriole luck" and the Tigers' lack of it. Last week the Tigers won one game when limping Al Kaline scored from first on a single that scooted under the glove of Oakland's Reggie Jackson. They won another when Mickey Lolich's bunt was mishandled so drastically by the Royals that the portly Lolich was able to circle the bases and score. NEW YORK became the first American League team to win 6,000 games. With better planning the Yankees would have saved more of them for this year. "Sam is all right," said CLEVELAND Manager Al Dark of his ace, Sam McDowell, who predicted before the season that he would win 30 games and who is so far one and four.

BOSTON 18-9 BALTIMORE 18-11 DETROIT 13-14
NEW YORK 13-14 WASHINGTON 12-15 CLEVELAND 8-18

AL WEST CHICAGO was last in the division but had the most diverting statistics—for instance, 511 fans and six errors. The occasion was a home game against the Red Sox, and although the attendance wasn't typical (so far this year the average White Sox gate is around 11,000, up some 4,000 from 1970), the fielding was. In their first 13 home games the Chicagoans made 27 errors. Then there were the unofficial outfield errors—Jay Johnstone backpedaling on a pop-fly that landed 40 feet behind second, Rick Reichardt charging in hard for a line drive that sailed over his head and Walt Williams rushing off in the wrong direction after a fly ball that, fortunately for him, cleared the fence. For these reasons Shortstop Boebie Richardson, after making 14 errors in 12 games, was shifted to center field. Third Baseman Bill Melton thought Richardson's trouble in the infield was that "he used one of Bobby Knoop's old gloves with the small pocket. He has to catch every ground ball right in the middle or he's in trouble." Whenupon said Mel-

ton took the field and committed two errors of his own. OAKLAND's Vida Blue "is as good today," said A's Manager Dick Williams. "As Koufax was starting his sixth year." "It was always confident I would win in the majors, but 5-7" said Blue. Now it is 8-0. Jim Fregosi of CALIFORNIA was hampered by a nerve injury between two toes, but Sydney Lloyd O'Brien, sometimes referred to as S.L.O.B., had a hot bat filling in for him. KANSAS CITY starter Bruce Dal Canton, who is doing a research project on major league arm ailments for a master's degree, proved that his arm was of no scientific interest by holding the Indians scoreless for 8½ innings to gain his second victory of the week. Bill Rigney of MINNESOTA, the manager once known for pulling pitchers, left starter Bert Blyleven in long enough to lose 6-5 to the Senators. "That is what you call falling in love with a pitcher," said Rigney. "It was the worst job of managing I've ever done." MINNESOTA's Bill Persson ran his scoreless inning streak to 24½ and revealed that he was not 23 years old, as listed, but 22.

OAK 25-11 KC 10-14 CAL 16-18
MINN 12-15 MIL 12-13 CHN 10-18

NL EAST Springtime in NEW YORK, and a young man's fancy turns to That Wonderful Year . . . 1969. At least, the Mets seem to think so. Six of their first 14 victories have been in extra innings, twice each over Cincinnati, Houston and Chicago. The 1969 world champions have been successful in nine of their first 12 one-run games. Tom Seaver, a 25-game winner in '69, is also on top. He pitched a no-hitter and struck out nine in a 3-1 victory over the Cardinals, the second time he has outbatted Bob Gibson and his fifth win in six decisions. PITTSBURGH's Gene Alley has finally found a way to loosen the right shoulder that has plagued him since 1968. The shortstop broke his left hand this spring. "At the time it looked like a setback," Alley said, "but it has been good for me. It gave me a chance to throw loose and easy all spring." Maybe Alley should tell Pitcher Dock Ellis, who has been having right-shoulder trouble, to put a cast on his left hand. Credits Fern Lapierre, the organist at Montreal's Jarry Park, for the home runs ERIC ARVEDSON's Joe Pepitone hit on Friday and Saturday. "Tell him to stop playing *Ardeur de Rome* when I come to the plate," Pepitone said. "It must do something to me." Carl Morton of the Braves finally won one from the Cubs, the only team he had not been able to beat in two years as a National Leaguer. The score was 3-1 and would have been a shutout were it not for the erring Lapierre. Col-

continued

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Cutty Sark, greatest of the clipper ships, still lives at Greenwich, England. Since 1957, when she was opened as a memorial to Britain's merchant seamen, over 4 million people have walked her decks, marveled at her fantastic display of clipper era memorabilia and tried, if only for a moment, to experience the magic of the days of wooden ships and iron men.

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lege Night at PHILADELPHIA's new Veterans Stadium had all the aspects of a beer blasé. A youngster wearing a green fraternity shirt dashed onto the field, slid into second and somehow made a get-away back to his third-level seat. Two other husky fans wrestled in a box seat behind first base and a middle-aged man blithely climbed over the deluxe-box railing and wandered into the Houston dugout. Amazed but unperturbed, the Astros won 8-1 as Precher Don Wilson bunted a double through short.

NY 17-9 PIT 10-11 MON 12-9
SF 4, LA 16-14 CH 12-17 PHIL 9-17

NL WEST

"Right on, Reds" is this year's CINCINNATI slogan. "Wrong on, Reds" might have been more appropriate Bobby Tolan, who ruptured his Achilles' tendon playing basketball during the off season, was jogging in the outfield in Los Angeles last week, getting in shape for his return. "I felt a thump like I'd been hit with a baseball," Tolan said. "That's all there was to it." No, there was more—another operation to correct the tendon that was rejured. The Reds, shut out just once last year, have already failed to score in four games. Manager Sparky Anderson tried a lineup change against the Dodgers, moving Johnny Bench to third in the order and Tony Perez, who was hitting .191, to cleanup. "I saw I was hitting clean-up and thought, 'You've got to be kidding,'" Perez said. Nobody was, and that night Perez had a homer, double and four RBIs in an 8-4 victory. LOS ANGELES pitchers have hurled 10 complete games, but one would hardly guess that to look at the records of Don Sutton (0-4) and Bill Singer (2-6). Only the left-handers have been consistent. Claude Osteen has won four of six and completed four games; Al Downing, the former American League, has posted a 3-2 record with three complete games. With BROOKLYN it has been the right-handers, Larry Dierker (5-0 with a 1.37 ERA) and Don Wilson (2-2). After his eight-hit, 8-1 win over Philadelphia, Wilson said, "I haven't pitched a game since June 1969 in which I felt no twinge, no tingle, no pain, no nothing." Nate Colbert of SAN DIEGO slept just 20 minutes after the arrival of six-pound, three-ounce Dana Michelle. He celebrated with a game-winning home run, and the Padres broke a seven-game losing streak with a 3-2 victory over the Braves. Henry Aaron of ATLANTA seems intent on catching Babe Ruth this season, even though he is more than a hundred homers away. Aaron's 12th in 28 games drove in two runs in a 5-2 victory over the Giants.

SF 22-9 ATL 15-10 HOU 14-15
LA 13-17 CIN 15-17 SD 9-30

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BASKETBALL									

First stop for the U.S. on the road to Havana

Santa Monica YMCA won the U.S. title in Binghamton, N.Y. and may send as many as six men to Cuba for the Olympic elimination round



STEVE ARNETT OF SANTA MONICA RETURNS A SHOT OVER CHART HOUSE BLOCKERS



L.A. RENEGADES-RED (FRONT) BEAT LONG BEACH SHAMROCKS FOR WOMEN'S TITLE

Winthrop (Wink) Davenport grew up in Binghamton, N.Y., where, since 1921, a phenomenon called the Noon League has drastically cut down the per capita consumption of lunchtime martini. A group of men, some down around Wink's age (29) and some up in their 70s, meets at the YMCA to smash volleyballs at each other, and since a ball weighs only about 260 grams, it is considered recreation, not mayhem. But recreation wasn't enough for Wink, who is 6'8", 225 pounds and a good athlete despite being nowhere near as quick as his nickname. He moved to Southern California, volleyball's Vallhalla, in 1966, made the '68 Olympic team and met his wife on the courts. Their honeymoon last year just happened to coincide with the U.S. Volleyball Association's national championships in Honolulu.

As if trips to Mexico City and Hawaii weren't enough, the 1971 USVBA tournament was held last week in Davenport's home town, on the campus of the State University of New York at Binghamton, and it turned out to be a dandy homecoming. Wink's mother was hospitality chairman, Wink was one of 24 men named to try out for the U.S. Pan-American and Olympic squads and his team, the Santa Monica (Calif.) YMCA, upset favored Chart House of San Diego to win the national title.

As usual in these affairs, there was a delightful—and somewhat zany—amateur flavor to the four-day tournament. Admission was free until the last day, and several thousand people dropped by to—as various T shirts and bumper stickers suggested—"Dig Volleyball." During the warm-ups, this meant dodging \$18.95 Japanese balls, which the spikers caromed off the empty opposing court into the stands. The Outrigger Canoe Club from Honolulu wore wild char- treuse, flowered shorts; a player for the Long Beach (Calif.) Athletic Club competed in bare feet and, although the public wasn't let in on the secret, the men of Chicago's Kenneth Allen Volleyball Club, including Dick Caplan, a 58-year-old commercial artist playing in his 33rd consecutive USVBA tournament, wore gifts from their wives: supporters decorated with the official club patch.

The women's national championship was also decided at Binghamton. The Lokahi Hawaiians presented fresh pineapples to their first-day opponents and

continued

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before each match the girls went through their *Komake drill*, diving to dig imaginary spikes, breaking their falls with their hands at the last moment and sliding along on their chests like seals (Fleming brassieres are advertised in the *USVBA Guide*.)

The action wasn't confined to the gym. Two male players from the Woonsocket, R.I. YMCA were arrested leaving the local YMCA very early one morning and were booked on suspicion of criminal trespass. They were let off by a friendly judge, who may well have been a Binghamton Noon Leaguer.

But it all wasn't fun and games. A whisper of professionalism was abroad. It seems that Larry Rundle, the USVBA's outstanding player the past three years, was considering—look out, Roffler Derby!—going on a pro volleyball tour with Wilt Chamberlain, who learned the game's rudiments on the California beaches, and Keith Erickson, Wilt's Laker teammate who played volleyball in the 1964 Olympics. Promoter Gene Selznick, once one of the sport's best players, says he has three dates already set.

Rundle hasn't trained hard this year, and his and Selznick's tournament team was knocked out early, but losing Rundle to professionalism would hurt America's Olympic chances, which aren't good in any event. Actually, what really worries Pan-American Olympic Coach Al Scates is not how we'll do in Munich next year but whether we'll get there. The International Volleyball Federation—at a meeting in which not one U.S. delegate was present—decided that, in effect, the U.S. men's team can only qualify for the Olympics by winning an intrazonal tournament in Havana in August. Scates says the Cubans train 11 months a year under a Russian coach and will be difficult to beat in Havana. Letters to Havana inquiring about neutral referees have not been answered. The U.S. women, meanwhile, can qualify by winning at the Pan-Am Games, which is the normal procedure.

Scates couldn't just pick the 24 men he wanted from the rich crop in the tournament. He could blackball a few he absolutely didn't want, and he could make suggestions, but the selecting was done by the USVBA's Olympic committee. The knowledge that committeemen were skulking about the gym grading them put additional pressure on the players.

Chart House, one of several teams

sponsored by restaurants or bars (others were Cisco's, Windjammers, Nick's Fishmarket and Schlumpfelders), was the defending champion and had won five tournaments this season in California. It was the favorite to repeat, especially on account of its six Olympians, who included Rudy Suwara, volleyball coach at University of California at Santa Barbara and the best center blocker in the country, surfboard manufacturer Mike Bright, and Butch May, who is three-eighths Hawaiian and once entered a rodeo competition on a dare (a dare is *not* a kind of horse) and finished fourth in bulldogging.

Since no non-California team ever has much of a chance in a national tournament, Chart House's main competition figured to come from the Santa Monica Y, which won three tournaments in California and had Wink Davenport hitting and blocking, though several other of its big men, notably Ken Peterson, were considered just as good.

Santa Monica uses the traditional, steady high-set-to-the-sides game. Chart House, quicker and more experienced in international matches, favors a trickier attack. One of the basics of its style is the "Jap set," in which the setter puts the ball just above the net in the middle, where a hitter is already at the top of his leap waiting to bury it. The play requires lots of practice and perfect timing, but when it's working well, the opposition blockers are kept off-balance, worrying about where the next cannonball is coming from.

Chart House had the much tougher draw, its scariest match being against the Armed Forces All-Stars. Chart House won 15-17, 16-14, 15-10, but a mustachioed Air Force man, Randy Shaw from Fort Worth, impressed the Olympic selection committee by spiking strongly with either hand, depending on his approach and where the blockers were. Chart House also was forced into three games against the NCAA All-Stars. Santa Monica went through all its matches without losing a game.

The two powerhouses met on the morning of the final day, Santa Monica winning the first game 15-7. Mike Bright, who didn't start, came in for Chart House, and chiefly as a result of his blocking and hitting, Chart House won the next two games 15-2 and 15-8. Unfortunately, Bright, who has been on just about every U.S. international team since

lover's lane



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VOLLEYBALL continued

1960, will be busy making surfboards this summer and won't be trying out for the Pan-Am/Olympic team.

Because the USVBA tournament is double-elimination, Santa Monica wasn't through yet. It moved into the losers' bracket, where it played the NCAA All-Stars in the afternoon. Santa Monica won in three games, earning a rematch with Chart House. The odds are heavily against a team coming out of the losers' bracket; because of the double-elimination rule, it has to beat the winners' bracket victor twice.

Before the finals got under way, the L.A. Renegades-Red won the women's title. They didn't lose a single game the whole tournament, perhaps because of their South Korean coach, Moo Park.

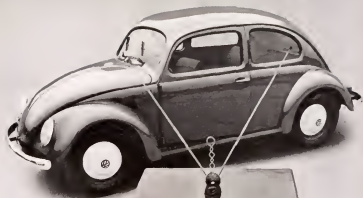
In the men's final, Chart House embarrassed Santa Monica in the first game 15-9. Rudy Suwara blocked so many spikes that the hitters thought they were playing handball. Then the Santa Monica coaches made a few smart moves.

The best defensive players had been playing on one side or the other in back in order to set, but now they were moved to the middle whenever they were in the back line and the defense improved immeasurably. (One of these defensive men was Mitch Mulpee, who stepped on a land mine in Vietnam in 1967 and was given up for dead.) On offense, Santa Monica went to slightly lower, quicker sets to avoid Suwara & Co. On the other side of the net, Chart House got a little too conservative, all but abandoning the Jap sets, and the blockers had plenty of time to get in front of Suwara and the other side hitters. Santa Monica took the next two games, both when the eight-minute time limit ran out. Thus, each team had one loss. The championship would be decided by a 15-point game with no time limit.

It proved to be an anticlimax. Santa Monica regularly put its spikes on the floor and just as regularly dived and dug out Chart House's best shots. The Y ran off to a 7-0 lead, survived a rocky stretch and won 15-11.

Wank Davenport's homecoming was complete and he received hugs from his wife and mother. Al Seates' Pan-Am/Olympic tryout squad was announced, and it included six men from Santa Monica, six from Chart House, and just in case Wilt Chamberlain goes back into basketball or ahead into boxing, Larry Rundle was listed, too.

END



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Because the Preakness will be less crowded than the jumbled Derby, it should provide a fairer test of 1971's leading 3-year-olds

It may be adios to Canonero

When Canonero II, the long-shot upstart whose home was Kentucky but is now Caracas, won the 97th Kentucky Derby, he may have answered the question of who is the best 3-year-old in this country. Or maybe not. In this Saturday's Preakness at Pimlico the Venezuelan horse, who stayed out of trouble in the Derby by running wide while the favorites spent their time bumping each other right and left in the crowded going, will have to prove it all over again. The Preakness, a 16th of a mile shorter than the Derby, is run over a track with tighter turns but will have a smaller field. The excitement will be in discovering whether the Derby winner can emerge as a true champion by taking two in a row up here. If he does not, everyone will assume, with some justice, that he lucked into his Derby victory when his rivals barged into each other on the final turn or ran out of gas down the long homestretch at Churchill Downs.

If the best 3-year-olds in the land were running against Canonero II at Pimlico the results might be more conclusive, but some of the best are not going to

be around. Three of the first four in last Saturday's Withers mile at Aqueduct are skipping the Preakness, looking toward the Belmont, the final race of the Triple Crown, on June 5. The Withers was won by Bold Reasoning, now unbeaten in five starts and a colt who obviously loves sloppy going. The son of Boldnesian had no trouble whatsoever in the first stakes start of his career, picking up a two-length victory over Highbinder (who is Dr. Fager's kid brother) in a zippy 1:35½ mile. Four lengths farther back came last year's Futurity winner Salem—the one going in the Preakness—while behind him in fourth place came the heavy favorite Good Behavior, who in his last three races had won the Swift, the Gotham and the Wood Memorial. The sloppy track did not make for the truest of races, but it did demonstrate that Good Behavior—who wasn't going to the Preakness in any case—is not invincible. And it proved again that the 1971 crop of 3-year-olds is a pretty mixed-up bunch.

Despite his Derby victory, Canonero II is not likely to go off as the favorite

PREAKNESS favorite, if trainer Campo (left) runs him, will be Jim French, cut and all.

in the Preakness, since most racegoers tend to look upon his Louisville triumph as a freak. Others, however, like Robert Kleberg of the King Ranch, owner of Assault, the 1946 Triple Crown winner, and loser of a Derby bet on California-bred Unconscious, think better of the South American colt. "Canonero just might be one fine race horse," Kleberg says.

A more cautious, wait-and-see approach is to let Canonero II prove himself all over again this week, even though the odds are against him. Although bred in Kentucky and raced twice with moderate success at Del Mar, Calif. last summer, Canonero's home is the 3,600-foot-high La Rinconada track in Caracas. His pre-Derby record of four wins in eight races was lightly regarded in Louisville because Venezuelan opposition is not considered the best in South America (that honor goes to Argentina). It was not known in this country until after the Derby that he had already carried 130 pounds (four pounds more than the Derby weight) and had raced against seasoned 4- and 5-year-olds over a deep, sandy track that demands a colt be of stout heart and sound limb.

Now that these facts are known, it can also be recalled that horses coming to U.S. tracks from high altitudes often do well here their first time out—although not necessarily later on. The major example, as startling on the afternoon of Nov. 11, 1955 as Canonero's effort at Churchill Downs, was provided by the Washington D.C. International at Laurel. Fresh off a plane from Caracas came two long shots named El Chama and Prendase, and the invaders finished one-two in the mile-and-a-half event, beating such horses as Social Outcast, Mister Gus and Traffic Judge. To the best of anyone's recollection, El Chama and Prendase were never heard from again, at least not seriously.

Canonero II will have been on U.S. soil less than four weeks on Preakness Day. Most international horsemen feel that this is a "dangerous" period. In other words, the cumulative effect of the change in altitude, shipping, one race (even if the Derby wasn't a particularly hard one for the winner), then shipping

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Court costs



again (by van from Kentucky to Maryland) could take some of the bloom off the colt's form. The validity of this diagnosis will not be known until late Saturday afternoon in Baltimore, when Canonero II and his able jockey Gustavo Avila finish navigating Pimlico's tight turns.

All in all, one would have to think the best chance in the Preakness belongs to Jim French, Bold Reason and Eastern Fleet, who finished second, third and fourth behind Canonero II at Louisville. Jim French was cut on three legs in the entanglement on the far turn at Churchill Downs that nearly brought down Impetuosity. Even so, he recovered to finish gamely and strongly and everyone knows by now that Jim French, whether running on one leg or four, is a tenacious fighter.

The Preakness distance should suit Jim French, as it should Bold Reason and Eastern Fleet. The latter, handicapped by post position No. 17 in the Derby,

could improve vastly with a better break at the barrier. His stablemate, Bold and Able, will pass up the Preakness, as will Unconscious (now resting an ankle that may possibly have bothered him on the stretch turn at Churchill Downs), List and Twist The Axe. Impetuosity, says Trainer George Poole, will run in the Preakness only if the field numbers 13 or less. Of the Withers runners, Bold Reasoning (the confusion in names is unfortunate), Highbinder and Good Behavior are staying in New York, and none of the others except Salem deserve the trip to Pimlico. As for Salem, he has never run farther than the mile he was asked for in the Withers, in which he was beaten six lengths, and he has never won beyond seven furlongs. An unimpressive fifth in the Withers was Personality's full brother Your Excellency, whose passport to Pimlico had pretty much depended on finishing in the first three or four.

The day before the Withers the 1½-

mile Preakness Prep was staged at Pimlico, and favored Executioner was a surprise loser by a nose to Sound Off, a gray son of the 1962 Derby winner Decidedly. Limit To Reason managed to finish third despite bad racing luck and indicated he finally might be returning to the form that ranked him second last year only to the crippled champion Hoist The Flag. All three of these colts are expected to go in the Preakness, possibly to be joined by the fourth-place finisher, Royal J.D.

The Preakness was picked one-two-three here a year ago, and it would be foolish to try to match that record. But it will be surprising if Canonero II, for all the wonderful excitement he brought to the 97th Kentucky Derby, is able to finish ahead of a hungry pack that includes Jim French, Eastern Fleet, Sound Off, Limit To Reason, Executioner and Bold Reason. It has been a topsy-turvy year—and that could hold even for a Derby winner.

END



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QUESTOR





**CAUTION:
BEWARE OF ANGELS
AT WORK**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEVERLY ALBRECHT

Amyd fireworks, a thrill car emerges from The Space Rocket at left, soars 40 feet through the air and approaches a landing in hell driving's premier act

The Joie Chitwoods, father and son, and their Danger Angels are kings of the thrill-show biz, prospering on the public's desire to see the action if some damfool driver wants to risk his neck

By FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

Although he was only five years old at the time Snooks Wenzel was killed, Joie Chitwood Jr. was traveling with his father's show then and was even a small part of the Danger Angels. He would ride a little motorcycle and, at the start of the show, Joie Sr. would take him along when he would roar around the track and spin up to the front of the grandstand with the conventional serech. Then father and son would come out together for bows. Joie Jr. was a real trouper. They were playing a ball park one day in Wilmington, Del. when he and his father came flying across the infield in a car and it caught on the pitcher's mound and flipped completely over. Surprisingly, the two of them squirmed out safely, and, while standing there to wild applause, little Junior said: "Hey, Dad, we ought to leave that in the show."

Snooks and old Mickey Rieder were Junior's best friends on the tour. They would watch him when his parents weren't around, and he would trail happily about after them. Suddenly, after Snooks was killed that day in Haverhill, Mass., Junior found only revulsion for his father's business. He said he would not travel anymore with the show; he did not even want to hear his father talk about it. "Well, he'll never be a thrill driver," Joie Sr. told Marie, his wife. She nodded with relief.

"My mother's always been a nervous wreck," Junior explains now. "You've got to remember, she was around my dad when he was perfecting all this stuff." And so she was around when the horror of that day in Haverhill began to fade from Junior's mind, and she watched her son grow up—with fear and pride—it was her husband all over again. By the time he was only 12 years old, Junior was driving. He was rolling ears over at 15 and doing the high-speed precision hell driving soon after that. One Friday in June of 1964, when Junior was 20, his father took him out to the Sunshine Dragway near Tampa and taught him how to jump a car ramp to ramp. That is the indispensable act of the thrill-show business, and it has been ever since the late Lucky Teter devised at buck in the '30s.

"I never thought I'd jump," Junior

says, "but then suddenly one day I just wanted to be the jump man. He was always the most respected fellow in the show, and that's what I wanted to be." The next day, a Saturday, Junior jumped for the first time in a show, and the day after that he got married. Few men have the essence of their whole lives compressed into one weekend.

Now his wife Noreen travels with Junior as his mother Marie did with his father. Marie would never watch her man jump, and Joie Sr. went off the ramp a couple of thousand times. Noreen, however, leaves the family camper, which is parked in the infield, just before the final act and moves closer to see. A huge explosion is detonated as Junior's car leaves the ramp, and Noreen never fails to jab her fingers into her ears and grimace as Junior roars toward takeoff. It is as if she is trying desperately to believe that the danger can only come from what she hears, not from what she might see.

Sometimes, too, at a window in the Chitwood camper, curtains are parted and a small, bright face peers curiously into the night, wondering at all the commotion and the public-address voice saying: "... only a helmet and his ever-present seat belt ..." and "unfortunately, Lucky Teter met his untimely death. . . ." The child is Joie Chitwood III, and he is standing in his crib in the camper to see his father jump a car, just as the father—as a child—stood in the back seat of an old junk car, where he often slept, to watch his father jump ramp to ramp.

The thrill show does not change much, not even from generation to generation. Most of the standard stunts were devised before World War II by a witty, vigorous old promoter named B. Ward Beam, the man who conceived the thrill show and promoted the first one at the Lucas County Fairgrounds, near Toledo, in August 1923.

Teter added the ramp-to-ramp jump to the enduring repertoire, and Joie Jr. perfected a two-wheel drive stunt early in this decade. Otherwise, the bill is nearly the same as always. Even the clown acts—"a little comedy relief interspersed between the dangerous action"—transcend change. Hap and Dave Roberts,

a father-son act, have been with Joie Sr. almost from the day he started in the business in 1943. Hap is not old, only ageless, having played with Buffalo Bill himself, a disclosure that creates approximately the same sensation as if some politician were to explain matter-of-factly that he got his start sitting in the Illinois legislature with Abraham Lincoln.

The routine of the thrill show is so repetitive that the Chitwoods open up their summer tour without bothering to practice. Timmy Charwood—who is Joie Sr.'s other child, Junior's younger brother, Joie III's uncle and the only male member of the clan not named Joie—is called "The First of May." It is an old earnest expression indicating a novice; Timmy drives in the show only when he is not required in class at the University of Florida. "If we're going to mess up," says Timmy of the no-practice policy, "we might as well do it in front of people. My dad always tells us that." When Junior assembled all drivers and ramp hands for a little organization talk prior to the season's debut at Albany, Ga., the major issue appeared to be the logistics of obtaining Cokes at intermission.

The thrill show thrives on this constancy, and Ward Beam looks on what he wrought with as much awe as skepticism. "I keep thinking it's going to die out because the people will tire of the hell driving," he says. "It's the same thing over and over. All they're trying to do is sell automobiles. But I don't understand it. Receipts are always going up."

Besides Junior's unit, the Chitwoods have a Western troupe, too, and the two companies will play more than 200 dates a summer before as many as two million people. Promoter Jack Kochman of Paterson, N.J. has three units running in competition with Chitwood, and there are always less established acts performing with varying success. A fellow by the name of Crash Dick pops up sporadically, and an all-girl show also plies the trade.

A thrill show can be thrown together with a few nervy guys and a bunch of junk cars, so there has never been any

dearth of imitators, there being plenty of both nerve and junk about. Beam says that in the Depression at least 250 thrill shows tried to make a go of it. In the entire 47-year-history of the art, however, only a handful of organizations have thrived, and to succeed on any permanent basis now it is imperative to be associated with an automobile company. The Chitwoods are affiliated with Chevrolet, driving only Camaros, Corvettes and Vegas; Kochman has a comparable arrangement with Dodge.

Lucky Teter was the first to work out a deal with Detroit for new cars. "We went after the fairs in '33," Beam says. "We were playing on a percentage basis and taking out nothing but money." Horsemen were so jealous of the appeal of the motorized shows that they would throw two-by-fours out in front of the cars. Teter was following Beam around, taking notes. Then he obtained backing from Plymouth, and with the new cars was soon the biggest name in the crash field.

Beam was a promoter, Teter was a showman. "I was a farm boy from Indiana, and I like to tear things up," Chitwood heard Teter say once, but it was more than that, for he was an electric personality. "He could hold up a finger and hypnotize a crowd," Beam recalls. Teter was short and not physically prepossessing, but he was charged with élan. "He marched out like the American Legion," Joe Sr. says. He strutted in jodhpurs, with a scarf around his neck, and in the driver's seat he would make an ordinary handkerchief into a talisman and wave it like bravery.

Before Teter's jump a special "heat man" would take over the microphone and rouse the crowd into a frenzy. Teter's wife would come out and kiss him, possibly goodbye forever. When Teter thought the simple ramp to ramp was getting jaded, he inserted a Greyhound bus between the ramps and started jumping over that, clearing it only by inches.

Teter's personality and the circumstances surrounding his fatal jump on July 5, 1942 have also helped to stock his legend. His mother and sister were in the stands along with his wife and many friends, it was, after all, going to

be Lucky's last jump. He had been drafted and, it is said, he had his induction papers in his pocket.

Old Mickey Roeder, who sells programs and builds fire walls and performs other chores for the Chitwoods, was there the day Lucky was killed. Mickey is 68 now, but his age has only sharpened the memory. He says that Teter was flagged down but would not stop. "You get a feeling when someone isn't right on it. You get that feeling," he says. The theory is that Teter was too much the showman or too imbued with fatalism to pull up in his swan song.

His car fell short, crashing under the landing ramp. It had been constructed with the beams lengthwise, which was a fatal error, for in the collision they were thrust forward into the driver. He died instantly. A short time later Mrs. Teter called up Joe Chitwood, who had known her husband well and had often seen him jump, and asked him to handle the sale of the equipment.

Orphaned at 14, Joe Chitwood (which

is his full name) left school after the eighth grade to find employment where he could in the Depression era dust bowl of Topeka, Kans. The sore times of his youth still press upon him. Whatever pride he takes that his oldest son chose to follow in his footsteps is tempered by the fact that Junior was so anxious to emulate his father that he abandoned college to accept that challenge. Junior's brother Timmy, 21 now, is in the fourth year of a five-year mechanical engineering course at Florida. Timmy is unlike his elder brother in many ways. He is a redhead, of slight build, and retains the hint of a limp from childhood polio. Junior is dark and stocky like his father, and prefers a crew cut. Junior is a businessman; driving is hardly more than a diversion in the day's work. Timmy is more technically oriented. He wants to design cars. But whatever the differences, Timmy is addicted to the driving and the speed, just like his brother and his father, and Joe Sr. accepts this with chagrin. He is a man who has enjoyed a

continued



Three generations of Chitwoods: Joie, Joie III and Joie Jr., with Joie's wife Nascen.

ANGELS AT WORK

continued

great deal more danger than education, and it baffles Joie that anyone—his sons or anyone—would forgo the latter for the former.

As a 14-year-old dropout in 1930, Joie Sr. turned to shining shoes, supplementing his income as a candy butcher in Topeka's burlesque theater. Then he began hanging around a welding shop and learned that trade. Even now he will say: "I'm a welder by profession," which recalls Ben Franklin, who considered having only *PRINTER* on his tombstone.

Joie built his first race car out of an old Essex frame, cutting off the nose, and drove it to a second-place finish in a local event when the driver failed to appear. That was in 1935. In 1939 and the following year he was the AAA Eastern sprint car champion and was recognized by the ultimate measure of those times when he was selected to appear in a national "I'd walk a mile for a Camel" ad. He qualified a car in the Indianapolis 500 seven times, and as late as 1950 he finished fifth at the Brickyard behind the winner, Johnny Parsons.

It was his last chance there, for by then the thrill show business was thriving and Mrs. Chitwood was after him to give up racing. Lovely and petite, Marie had been dancing professionally as Tiny Harris when they met. Her specialty was to dance up a flight of stairs, then lean over backward and, off the top stair, pick up a glass of water in her mouth. Not surprisingly, she hurt her back in this pursuit, and her theatrical career ended with her marriage. Besides, Joie was making up to \$40,000 a year as a driver. Only the war, which terminated racing because of gas and tire rationing, and the coincidence that he could not find a buyer for Teter's equipment pushed him into stunt driving.

He was 4-F and teaching welding at defense plants when he decided to buy Teter's equipment himself. He practiced the more prosaic stunts and then set out to perfect a ramp-to-ramp jump. The question, essentially, was how fast to go and how far away to place a landing ramp. Joie proceeded pragmatically, which is to say that he got a bunch

of junkers and started running them off the takeoff ramp.

He discusses this with approximately the same sort of emotion that a man might exhibit in describing how he tried various screwdrivers before finding one of proper size. Joie would get in an old car, run it headlong off the ramp and crash 100 feet or so away, the automobile smashing to pieces. He would climb out, have the wreck dragged aside, make calculations and try it again. It took him nine cars to be sure of his measurements. Then he built a ramp—with the beams going crossways. He opened July 4, 1943 at Williams Grove, Pa. It was a year, short one day, to the anniversary of Lucky Teter's death.

At first it was a one-man show, and often Joie had to run it on butane gas and with steel cleats instead of tires. Then, as the war drew to a close, he began to expand, hiring many of Teter's best drivers—Doggie Arthrouph, Lucky Hellefinger, A. B. Daniels, Rocky Fisher. He was a postwar sensation. Even the movies called him. Clark Gable played a stunt driver opposite Barbara Stanwyck in *To Please a Lady* in 1950, and Joie doubled for Gable. By the mid-'50s he had as many as six units working, and he would shuttle between them in his own private plane.

The show was still basically Teter out of beam, but Joie tried some new specialty acts, too. For instance, he hired a Captain Frank Frakes, whose role it was to get in a coffin and then have it blown up. Another diversissement featured Captain Tommy Walker, an ex-Flying Tiger. He crashed an airplane in the infield. Chitwood would buy an old plane for \$500, and the old China hand would negotiate it over the light stanchions and the concession stands and bring it down between two strategically placed telephone poles. This would rip off the wings, and the bare fuselage would come skidding home. It was very bug box office until the CAA said it was giving flying a bad name and ordered a halt.

Crashing remained the rage. Precision hell driving was not yet in its ascendancy. Beam had thought up the heading crash as far back as the 1920s and this was the staple of any thrill-show

diet, though some devotees of the act have traditionally gone for another Beam creation, the Wreck 'em Race, or Demolition Derby as it is known today. At first head-ons were easy to manage since drivers could stand on the running boards and leap at the last moment. When running boards disappeared, the head-on men were ensconced among mattresses in the back seats. The trick—though it really wasn't a trick; it was just a matter of doing the best you could in an imperfect setting—was to make sure you hit absolutely head on with both cars moving at the same speed. This distributed the crunch as evenly as possible. One independent hell driver worked up an even more memorable head-on, perhaps the most dashing of all. He drove a motorcycle full speed into a sedan coming from the other direction. At the last second before impact, the daredevil cyclist would leap forward and go flying over the car as it demolished his cycle. "It was spectacular, really an incredible act," Joie Sr. says. "The only thing was that it had to be done absolutely perfectly every time." One time it was not done in this manner.

The head-on crash has passed from the thrill-show repertoire in the last few years because, despite all the people who kick tires and slam doors at used-car lots and exclaim sadly, "They don't make 'em like they used to," they do, in fact, make 'em stronger. Today's cars are too solid to hit head on, at least as long as any occupants want to escape fatality on a regular basis. In fact, if there is one thing that raises Joie Chitwood's hackles, it is what Ralph Nader did to the Corvair. "He was wrong about that car," Joie says. "That was a tough little car. I know. I jumped it more than 200 times."

Even such a mild outburst is uncharacteristic, for Chitwood is a placid man. Probably this is an essential for survival in the breed; there are, remember, no old, bold pilots. Joie, 57 now, has grown comfortable and serene. He smokes a pipe and wears glasses, regularly misplacing both. He is up at 7 every morning, a man of moderate habits. Fishing is his passion. He will eat anything, so

continued

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The original light Scotch since 1853.

ANGELS AT WORK

continued



Joe Sr. waves 'em by driving a car on two wheels, a balancing act that he performs with ease.

long as it is barbecued. He is church-going, a 32nd degree Mason, happily married and a grandfather. He buckles his seat belt every time. His wife calls him Dad and, after he has had a couple of martinis, she warns him to drive carefully, just like Dad was some insurance salesman, not a man who had made 2,000 death-defying leaps and wheeled his share at seven Indy 500s.

The Chitwoods' new house, which Marie designed herself, sits by Tampa Bay. It has a pool table, a sunken bathtub, a specially lighted palm tree and the first AstroGrass in Tampa. In the marina, directly across the bay, Joe's deep-sea fishing boat tosses on the swells, waiting for him to get back off the tour. He is so tan from using her that the tattoo of his teens is nearly bronzed over. So, for that matter, are most of his scars. His face bespeaks not the glamour of his profession, but the rugged facts of it, for the lesions that remain most visible are the unromantic ones—crescent imprints where clods of dirt drove his goggles into his face, or the slight imperfections made by pebbles flying up from dirt tracks. This is in character. Pressed to recount some of his more spectacular injuries, he dwells only on those

touched by humor. He recalls, as the highlight of missing a ramp at Arlington, Texas and taking 50 stitches in his neck from where the glove compartment door almost severed his head, that, on speeding to the hospital, the ambulance driver "burnt his seven out." And his favorite story of all is about the time in Springfield, Ill. when he jumped out of the car for his introduction, tripped and broke his left wrist in the fall.

He is a man of much personal perspective. "I haven't been driving full-time now for over three years," he says. "I fill in on the two-car and the four-car [close-order high-speed precision driving over ramps] when Tammy is in school. I'm not doing anything anybody couldn't do. My eyes aren't so good anymore. I still think my reflexes are pretty good. Maybe slowed down, but it seems to me the trouble is all with my eyes—especially at night. But it doesn't matter. In the two-car and four-car, there's always another car only two, three inches away, and you don't have to have good eyes to see that, do you?"

Joe Sr.'s prime function now, as he sees it, is to maintain good relations with Chevrolet. The Chitwoods could not make money unless they got a good

price on all the cars they need. A unit must gross \$7,000 a week to break even, and to make a profit it is necessary to play a selective schedule with guerrilla movements to distant one-night stands. It is all packed into the summer vacation period now, those warm days and nights when kids are loose with spending money. The schedule is often a show a day. A night in a motel bed becomes only an occasional luxury. Usually, sleep is found curled up in a back seat. But there has never been any lack of young men willing to give up their comforts and risk their lives in the endeavor. Occasionally scofflaws have been drawn to the violent and transient life, but their number is few. Mostly the thrill show attracts otherwise normal young men who simply have one curious penchant, for automotive mayhem.

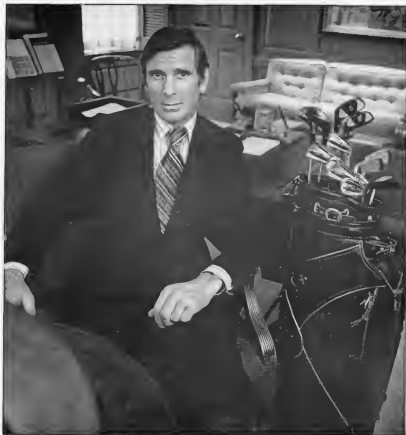
Joe lately has been taking on college boys as ramp hands. These roustabouts start at about \$100 a week, and if they show any sustained interest in the vocation they can get a shot at stunt work, beginning with something mundane like *The Slide for Life*. From there they move to *Roll-overs*, which involves driving an old junker off a ramp and then trying to turn it over. Terrifying as this sounds, a rollover man should endure nothing more than huge bruises at the hips, where the seat belt digs in with the several impacts.

After the Chitwoods, Don Peters, 35, is the veteran driver in the troupe, and typical of the group, being clean-cut, sincere and a respected member of his community, which, in the off season, is Newport News, Va. There his wife Pat is a fifth-grade schoolteacher and Peters drives a Citizens Rapid Transit bus; he has earned several safe-driving awards. He makes as much as \$500 a week as a senior stunt driver, but he is also responsible for many odious maintenance and caretaker tasks. Only Chitwood's clowns and the announcer, Al (Zany) Doherty, escape these dull daily responsibilities.

The one thing Peters does not like about the life of a stunt driver is that it is so dirty. He is fastidious, and what concerns him most about rolling cars over is whether he will have time and room

continued

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ANGELS AT WORK

continued

to brush his hair down afterward before he jumps out of the wreck to take bows. He refuses to dwell on the possibility of injury or death. Stunt men will admit to a recognition of their danger and they will acknowledge "concern" or "butterflies," but mostly they appear willing to concede that they might be a little bit afraid only because they realize it is sensible to be so. Besides, not that many drivers do get killed. "You tell a man how to do a stunt," Beam says. "If he doesn't listen, you get rid of him. We're not in the business of killing people, even if you do want the public to think you are."

Accordingly, at thrill shows death is honored in the breach. While the announcers, the advertising—substantially and otherwise—and the whole approach is to suggest that the price of admission all but assures the ticket bearer of the keen privilege of watching some driving fool meet a violent end, the fact is, disappointing as it may be for some thrill-show buffs, that a fatal accident is more likely to happen en route to the show than during one. Snooks Wenzel is the only Danger Angel to die in 7,000 or so Chitwood performances. "What scares you is not the spectacular accident, but the freak things that can happen," Marie Chitwood says. Jose Sr nods. A driver in another show got killed once doing a simple reverse spin; Jose goes out and does these for relaxation, like watering the plants.

Mercifully, the Chitwoods do not play up the macabre angle the way it has been featured in the past. There are no more skull and crossbones, and the suggested radio ads limit themselves to "death-defying." Zany Dohany does, however, make sure that the fans are aware that the driver "is risking his very own life" and before Don Peters' Side-winder crash and Junior's jump, every other member of the troupe gathers around the car and solemnly shakes the hand of the life-raker, proffering luck and a provisional farewell.

Old Mickey Rieder sees no come-on. "The people still come out to see someone get killed. They always have. It's blood they all want," he says. Addressing himself directly to this attraction, Beam

Continued

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about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Faberge

used to lead off his advertising campaign with newspaper teasers that said only DEATH. And then DEATH IS COMING TO TOWN. He still has a newspaper masthead advertisement that showed head shots of four racing drivers. The headline said: THREE ARE STILL ALIVE. Only, to make it even more effective, the THREE was crossed out, and the word TWO was written above it. In the Beam souvenir programs, fans were beseeched to cheer loudly for the drivers: "Give them this inspiration now, for tomorrow they may not hear it."

Beam was first an entrepreneur, and it was his business to know that this sort of appeal really did work. Tall and distinguished looking, he now lives in Goshen, N.Y. In the very midst of the horsemen who used to harass his show. Still, while he conceived the thrill show and devoted much of his life to it—until he sold out to Kochman a few years ago—he never felt any deep allegiance to it as an art. "What I enjoyed was putting the thing on," he says. "Once it started, I lost interest. A lot of times I wouldn't go across the street to see my own show." The drivers are mostly one-dimensional cardboard cutouts to him. "My feeling and that of psychiatrists," Beam says assuredly, "is that almost all of them have a death wish."

On the other hand, although he does not necessarily approve of the ticket-buying public's taste, Beam identifies more with spectators and exhibits an inclusive and warm understanding of them. "It's not hard to understand why people are attracted to these shows," he says. "Very basic responses. When I was growing up, it was a rein you held in your hands. Now everybody grows up holding a steering wheel. That's the first thing the horseman couldn't understand. And none of it's complicated. One time I decided to put in a new clown act. The act we were using was real old stuff—pants falling off, the little firecracker making a big noise, the big firecracker just sputtering. They loved that. But we really went out to develop something fresh. I paid a professional \$1,000 to devise a good one. And it was good. It was very well received, too. The people laughed exactly as hard as they had with the

big firecracker and the little firecracker, which they had seen 100 times.

"That taught me something. I don't know. It's a different breed that likes thrill shows, but they're very loyal. Very loyal. And don't mistake this—it ain't monkeys out there in the stands. It's just home folks."

By contrast, Chitwood's view has been that of the performer inside out. He is an expert on every phase of the business. He can evaluate clowns and announcers with just as much authority as he rates drivers or mechanics or cars. He is not, though (and neither are his sons), a student of the crowds. To tell Jose Sr. that the crowd liked the show is of no solace whatsoever to him if he feels that the performance was technically imperfect.

"There's a fair we play in Dunkirk, N.Y.," Jose says. "They had these Army tanks there at the track, and they wanted to run over the junk cars we were done with. I said it didn't make any difference to me; we had to get rid of the junkers somehow, though to tell you the truth, I couldn't understand why they wanted to go through all that."

"It showed me I didn't know what I was talking about. You should have heard those people scream when the tanks started rolling over those cars and grinding them up. Everyone stayed to see it, and they do it every year now, because it was such a success. The people just shout and scream when those tanks start grinding those cars up. I turn my back. It's sickening."

Still, the thrill show is not as morbid as it once was, and the proof is the popularity of the two-wheel stunt. It is an entirely fresh concept in the business. It breaks all the rules. There is no great danger involved. It is not done at high speed. It is not a quick sensation, over in seconds. It is not humorous. It is accompanied by neither fireworks nor other special effects. It is pure. When the fans see Junior or Timmy go over the high skis with the right tires and suddenly realize that the car is actually going to stay tilted that way and travel for some distance, they are nearly dumfounded. They rise slowly, in awe, and stand, as a body, openmouthed.

On the P.A., Zany Dohany must remind them to applaud, which they do thereafter with uncommon zeal.

Junior has driven 2.6 miles for the two-wheel record at Daytona Beach before 100,000 and is so accomplished that he could go much farther if he were ever challenged to. Even now, he often fails purposely to get balance right away so that when at last he does it appears a more genuine accomplishment. "Timmy's just as good as Junior," Joie Sr. says, "but he's all over the track. Actually, this is better for us, because Junior's so smooth people think that it's got to be a trick."

When the brothers are both up and moving together, in close formation around a track, the effect is marvelously eerie. Everything seems so out of joint, with cars moving in tandem, rakishly tilted like straw hats on a buck-and-wing team. The Chateaus complete the circuit and, still gliding on edge, bring the Camaros right up facing the center of the grandstand, pose them in salute and then let them come down, as if the automobiles were bowing themselves. It is much like when Roy Rogers would dismount and stand aside as Trigger would duck his head and paw at the ground, indicating "thank you" or "pleased to meet you" or whatever he had in mind.

As sure as Chevrolet makes cars, though, a man sells more tickets by defying death than by defying balance. The two-wheel closes the first act; the jump closes the show the way it always has.

Now it is time to jump again. Junior is ready to open a new thrill-show season. It is Albany, Ga., the New Albany Dragway and Junior has not jumped in eight months. "I asked him this afternoon," Norcen says. "You're jumping a new car. Don't you want to make at least one practice jump? He just said 'No,' and that was that." Like his son, Joie Sr. did not exhibit any special concern. He did map out the town for good barbecue.

Late in the afternoon Junior does go out and run the car that is reserved strictly for jumping. Timmy rides along with his brother. They hitch up a fifth wheel behind the jump car and drive up and

down the drag strip. The fifth wheel is calibrated to measure the speedometer delicately, which is vital. To make the jump without error, Junior's car must be going 42 mph when it takes off. He says he has only half-a-mile-per-hour tolerance either way for safety. This is a far cry from the offhand reckoning his father depended on. Joie Sr. claims that he went 70 mph when he made his record 125' jumps. Junior laughs. "My dad always says that," he says, "but the truth is he didn't really know how fast he was going. He just measured it by going wide open in second gear—whatever that was." The jump man who served in the transitional period between Joie Sr. and Junior relinquished the job after he over-shot the ramp by 40 feet one night, proving conclusively that it is not wise to drink and jump.

The Albany crowd trickles in and Joie Sr., playing with his grandchild by the clowns' trailer, eyes it with disgust. The first night of the 28th annual Joie Chitwood Thrill Show, and there are 363 paying customers sitting on their car hoods to watch. The worst thing is that Junior has signed for a percentage, not a flat guarantee. Joie shrugs. At least he does not have much to do. Timmy has come up from school, so all Joie has to drive is in the four-car.

Down the drag strip, but still visible in the twilight, sits The Space Rocket truck, Florida license 3L-1373. The Space Rocket, an imposing sight, is the fancy apparatus that Joie designed a few years ago to replace the passé takeoff ramps. It is a huge steel tube, and Junior must shoot into it on runners that are barely wide enough for the Camaro's tires. "If I miss the runners," he says, "it would be just like hitting a brick wall." He has never pulled up, though, even though he realizes that in an instant he must have the car aligned with the runners and the speedometer at 42 mph. Past that point, the die is cast. He flies out the other end of the rocket, 20 feet above ground, soars over the rest of the flatbed, crosses about 40 feet of open space and lands on the ramp. The whole jump is about 65 feet long.

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The jump is made with all the stadium lights out. Only the rocket shines, gaudy Day-Glo. In addition to his car's headlights, Junior also has white rocket sparkles shooting out of the back sides of the car and, just as he soars, Dave Roberts detonates a huge explosion so that it appears the car is being blasted out of the rocket. Junior is concentrating so hard, though, that he has never once heard this monster noise. "A few times," he says, "just as I took off, I've felt that something was wrong. Then, when I've landed, they've told me that the rocket didn't explode."

Junior has made the jump more than 700 times and has had only four close calls. He does not feel threatened by the law of averages, though, and jumping is just something he does. "I just don't want to be cussed in the Chitwood trailer," he says. "That is told to me." Noreen explains, "that if I am scared, all that means is that I have no confidence in his ability." She surely knows, anyway, that a man who would start this sort of activity virtually on his wedding day is not going to be dissuaded from it by anyone.

Noreen looks up now as The Space Rocket is moved onto the track. The baby is in his crib, and she watches, through the front window of the camper, with her chin cupped in her hands. She is thin but not fragile—lean and supple, with soft, but searching eyes. Now she leaves the camper and moves closer to the spectacle.

On the track her husband is all over the rocket, for not only does he supervise the preparatory work, he handles the more delicate chores himself. He pumps up the tube to its proper pitch. He stands, like a kicker lining up a field-goal try, to check alignment. He measures the correct distance to the landing ramp. He checks the runners. Joie Sr. is close to the scene, too, a professor *emcritus*, inspecting yet not intruding. At the last, he and Timmy reach in, along with all the others, to shake Junior's hand when he finally settles in the driver's seat.

In the camper, though, the next and only other Joie Chitwood is asleep. He has gotten too tired, even in all this excitement, to pull the curtains one more

time. "If my son wants to do this, too, when he grows up," Junior has said, "—well, I feel like my dad. First, I would try to talk him out of it, the way he did me. Not because of the danger, but because of the way of life—the traveling all the time, the moving. Not the danger. But then, after that, if I saw that he still liked it, and this is what he wanted, then I would encourage him, the way my dad did."

Junior roars off down the drag strip, and lights his sparkles when he turns, far down the straightaway, to face The Space Rocket, Florida license 3L-1373. It is all done in a flash. Far in advance it seems—though she knows the timing exactly—Noreen places her fingers in her ears and presses hard. Her screaming, during the launch, roars onto the runners, and in the next instant, with a blast, the rocket is behind him and he is soaring. "The perfect jump," Joie has said. "Maybe I do 20 a year, 10 perfect jumps. You don't even hear the car land. And the back wheels touch down exactly where the front wheels did."

This is not a perfect jump at Albany, Ga. Junior is perhaps two feet short of the mark, but he clatters safely onto the breast of the slope, rattling lightly. Anyway, it is a good jump. "A good jump," Joie Sr. says, "is any jump you walk away from." He watches across the way as his son pulls the car to a halt and tears off his seat belt and his helmet for a bow. "Where all the Chitwood stunt men are superb," Zany Donahy cries into the P.A., "Joie Chitwood JUNIORRR is magnificent!"

Noreen's fingers fall from her ears, and she smiles as he comes to her and gives her a perfunctory kiss. After all, he has done this 700 times. He does this every night. "Good," she says.

"A little short," Junior replies, and he is gone to settle accounts with the local promoters.

Moving across the track, Joie Sr. packs his pipe, lights it and thinks of getting a good barbecue sandwich as soon as he has made sure that Timmy has left the Danger Angels and is driving back to the University of Florida, back for that degree.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HAPPY? (CONT.)

Sirs:

I was surprised that you would print the one-sided views of A. B. (Happy) Chandler (*How I Jumped from Clean Politics into Dirty Baseball*, April 26 and May 3). Four years ago Mr. Chandler ran in the Kentucky gubernatorial Democratic primary. After being defeated soundly, Sore Loser Chandler supported the Republican candidate in the final election. This is only one example of his character and of his "clean politics."

If you had checked Mr. Chandler's baseball record, you would not wonder why nearly half of the owners were fed up after only one term of his commissionership. I hope the owners who opposed Mr. Chandler will reply. I think you should show both sides of the coin.

LARRY HARDWICK

LOUISIA, Ky.

Sirs:

Just read the articles by the Bluegrass Jackass. In the words of the immortal General George Patton, —!

FRED SAGER

St. Louis

Sirs:

My first inclination is to leave Unhappy Chandler and his bad memory to the oblivion he has earned. But the reference to the gamblers at the exhibition game in Havana, which is left hanging in the article, rather like a dangling participle, needs a little laundering.

The bookies were in the box seats, all right. Who put them there? At the prodding of MacPhail, Charlie McCarthy Chandler staged a mock trial in Florida to investigate Durocher, Ricketts, the gamblers and the stealing of Charlie O'Brien, the Dodger coach, by the Yankees. All strictly Gilbert and Sullivan stuff. More ludicrous yet, when weeks later Chandler huffed and puffed and brought forth his money-proclamation banning Durocher, the man most angered was MacPhail, who had ordered the whole farce! Right there the machinery for Chandler's firing was set in motion.

Consider the joke decision baseball and the public were asked to swallow by this flag-waving politician: Durocher was paid a salary of \$50,000 to take the summer off, the Yankees and the Dodgers were flea-bitten with \$2,000 fines. I was the only one really hurt—\$500 out of a small salary—so I went right to Versailles, Ky. after Chandler. I proved to him that the Yankees, not I, had given the bad, bad bookies their tickets. Chandler gulped and coughed up the \$500 "I'll give you your money back," said the fearless commissioner, "and it will come

to you in an unmarked envelope by a check from somebody you don't know. And if you ever tell anybody, I'll fine you \$5,000 instead of \$500!" Real gutsy.

As soon as the check cleared I went to good friend Max Kase, sports editor of the *New York Journal-American*, who turned this comic caper into an eight-column headline. Kase made the point that if Parrott was innocent, so indeed must Durocher be without sin. But Leo didn't care, he was cashing his checks for not managing the Dodgers and installing a sprinkling system at Lorraine's California mansion.

Having put together a few of these "as told to" pieces in my day, God help me, may I say that never have I encountered one where so many dead men and anonymous characters were quoted? Unhappy sprays baseball in general and some good men in particular with his Kentucky-distilled type of sour-grapes venom and doesn't seem to know, even now, who really fired him! As long as Unhappy was going in for posthumous quotes, he could have at least included the funnies of the late Dan Parker who, along with the late sports cartoonist, Fred Weatherly, had a columning picnic with this "Ah loves baseball" man and his embarrassing Kentucky swimming pool. These were the days!

HAROLD PARROTT

La Jolla, Calif.

Sirs:

Four stars plus to you for publishing the interesting story by Happy Chandler who tells it like it was. Although the big-town sportswriters tried to make him out to be a comic, his influence on big-league baseball was emphatically all for the good.

J. W. BENJAMIN

Lewisburg, W. Va.

DOWNHILL

Sirs:

My, were you easy on Squaw Valley (*For Sale, One Hawk of American History*, May 3). I wish that your pictures and words could have conveyed the disappointment that I felt on my first visit there last month. If there ever was any genteel charm about the place, it has long since been buried under peeled paint, broken glass and threadbare furnishings. It was a shock to find such a tawdry collection of antiquated, ill-maintained facilities. The chair lifts groaned from seeming disrepair. The one bright spot in the area—the new \$3 million tramway—wasn't running.

How can a magnificent ski resort, funded heavily by public moneys, be allowed to deteriorate in 11 years to the point of public disgrace? Why is such a potential profit

maker losing a consistent \$300,000 every year? These are the points that need hard investigation—and answers.

RICHARD WOODBURY

Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Sirs:

Re your article on Squaw Valley: who needs help? I do not believe it is the ski operation over which I preside. In the 11 years since the Winter Games of 1960, Squaw Valley's skiing facilities have been increased from four double-chair lifts to 18, plus an 8,600-foot gondola, plus a huge aerial tramway (121 people in each cabin), plus six platter lifts. Ski patronage has increased tenfold since the last pre-Olympic year.

There will be many improvements, as usual, so that next winter, skiing will be better than ever. Our skiing operation is flourishing and not for sale.

ALEXANDER C. CUSHING

Olympic Valley, Calif.

LEFTIES' LIB

Sirs:

Come on, folks, let's get out our crying towels for the American Bowling Congress and the Professional Bowlers Association (*Obviously, It's a Leftist Plot*, May 3). These wicked left-handers are destroying the sport of bowling for 90% of the population, and the whole industry is going right down the drain. Isn't it absurd to have all 16 finalists in a tournament bowling with their left hands? And that Johnny Petraglia! He has some nerve, beating everyone else all the time.

As a left-handed person who enjoys bowling, I would have to say that the concern over the whole situation is just ridiculous. The only thing that pleased me about the article was the comparison of bowling styles with the pitching styles of two of baseball's greats, Sandy Koufax (power) and Whitey Ford (finesse). Both are left-handed.

MICHAEL DYNNON

Brooklyn

Sirs:

The dominance of the lefties in bowling shouldn't be a surprise to anyone, as we lefties have always far surpassed the right-handers in any sport we cared to participate in. Take, for example, the hook shot of Bill Russell, the smashing serve of Rod Laver, the booming bats of Babe Ruth and Stan Musial and the fantastic curve balls of Sandy Koufax, Whitey Ford and Lefty Gomez. Today bowling—tomorrow golf. Look out, Arnie and Jack! Here we come. The Lefties' Lib is on the move.

B. N. (Lefty) PEPPLES

Salt Lake City

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because it supports bacteria.

So, replace the oxygen with carbon dioxide, and your food will stay fresh almost indefinitely.

Sound like a pipe dream? Far from it. Whole warehouses of apples are being stored that way right now.

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19TH HOLE continued

BOATING HEADWAY

Sirs:

I enjoyed Hugh Whall's article on the drop-keel, pop-top sailboat trend (*Drop the Keel, Pop the Top*, April 19). Your readers may also be interested to know that the concept for the pop-top cabin (not the drop-keel part) was the result of our work over the past few years in the camper industry and the growing realization that the particular people with young families who own small cruising sailboats often have more in common with the spirit of camping than traditional sailing. They have a deep interest in vacationing as a family. It was with this idea in mind that we approached the O'Day Company two years ago with a proposition that, with our familiarity of the products and concepts in the camping industry, we could adapt some of the camper concepts into a sailboat that would greatly expand the livability of a small boat and turn it into a product that could revolutionize the boating industry. The O'Day 23 was the result.

It's interesting to note that one of the by-products of the pop-top concept is that it enables the manufacturer to build a lower profile hull, which makes it inherently lighter (hence faster) and less expensive so that you get the unusual combination of improved performance and lower cost. As it turns out, the Ray Hunt naval architectural group, which very skillfully designed the hull lines of the O'Day 23, has come up with a formula that does remarkably well racing as well as opening up a whole new world to young cruising families.

ANDREW T. KORFANECKI
Industrial Design Consultant
New Canaan, Conn.

BISLER'S BIZZLERS

Sirs:

Since your article *Pitching Secrets* (April 12) appeared, I have had numerous letters concerning our pitching rating system, all with one common complaint: that the all-time list eliminated such pitchers as Tom Seaver, Bob Gibson, Ferguson Jenkins, etc. Not only did our report not list these great pitchers, it did not rate any pitcher who is still active in the major leagues. We thought it unfair to give a halfway career rating when it would be compared with the full career ratings of those pitchers listed. Obviously pitchers such as Gibson, Seaver and Jenkins would rate well with the great pitchers of any era.

GEORGE H. SISLER JR.
President
International League of
Professional Baseball Clubs
Rochester, N.Y.

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